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Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENE.

FRAGMENT

OF THE

HISTORY

OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN W. BARNARD



THE TWO VOLUMES OF THE HISTORY



A  
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O F T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F T H A T I L L U S T R I O U S P E R S O N A G E  
J O H N B U L L, Esq;  
C O M P I L E D B Y T H E C E L E B R A T E D H I S T O R I A N  
S I R H U M P H R Y P O L E S W O R T H.  
L A T E L Y D I S C O V E R E D I N T H E R E P A I R S O F  
G R U B - H A T C H, T H E A N C I E N T S E A T O F  
T H E F A M I L Y O F T H E P O L E S W O R T H S;

N O W F I R S T P U B L I S H E D F R O M T H E  
O R I G I N A L M A N U S C R I P T,  
B y P E R E G R I N E P I N F O L D, o f *Grub-Hatch*, Esq;

Et modo, quos illi fato contingere non est,  
Prospicit occasus: interdum respicit ortus.  
Quidque agat ignarus, stupet: et nec fræna remittit,  
Nec retinere valet.

P. Ovid Nas, Metam. Lib. II.

L O N D O N.

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TEMPERATURE

E H T E O

У Я О Т С И Н

OF THAT INTERESTING PERSONAGE

JOHN BULL, Esq.

COMPILED BY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA



SR HUMPHRIES WORTH.

THE FAMILY OF THE POLISH CROWN

THE MOST IMPORTANT FACT WAS

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

BY HERRING PRINTED, of Gray-Inn, Esq;

It might, thus, be concluded that

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

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## P R E F A C E.

CIRCUMSTANCES, which of themselves might appear trivial and insignificant, become highly interesting, when they are connected with, or are explanatory of, great and important events. And so great and important do I consider the discovery of this precious fragment of history, which I now give to the public, that I am persuaded, I need offer no apology, for minutely relating the manner in which it so accidentally and so happily fell into my hands.

My father having having pursued the profession of a pin-maker, with great success, acquired a very handsome fortune, with which he purchased *Grub-Hatch*, the

B

ancient

ancient seat of the family of the *Poleworths*. At his death I succeeded to that estate, and wishing to live as became a person of my *rank* and *fortune*, I determined like other young gentlemen, to pull to pieces, modernise and adorn, so *commodious*, but so *antiquated* a house.

Unluckily I was not acquainted with any fashionable architect, and was determined not to be so *vulgar* as to employ a *city surveyor*. I concluded therefore, that my best way was to consult my *Cook Maid* upon this occasion: who I had always found to be a very shrewd sensible woman, and who besides had a damned good taste of her own. Accordingly having mentioned the subject to her one day, she told me, That she had formerly lived with a family in Mary-le-bone, and that in one of the streets there, she remembered to have seen a very *tasty* house, built on a *new principle*, by a very famous and fashionable *Architector*, whose name she had forgot, but she remembered to have often admired his house as being uncommonly



monly *crips and nic't* and not in the least like a *dwelling house*, for it looked for all the world like a chapel. From this account, which pleased me, I determined to enquire after this great artist, and having gone on purpose to look at his house, I saw it answered precisely to my *cook maid's* description. I next went to look at an addition by him made to a great man's house adjoining to the river, and from the skill and dexterity with which I observed the artist had there avoided all regularity, proportion, taste and elegance, I concluded he must have a perfect knowledge of his art, to enable him to deviate from all its rules and all its beauties, with such ingenuity and correctness. I did not therefore hesitate a moment in determining that this was the proper person for me to employ.

Accordingly he came to my house and gave me a monstrous beautiful design for taking away all my old towers, turrets and battlements, and every thing else which gave my house an appearance of antiquity

or of old fashioned magnificence, and in their stead, he substituted venetian and palladian windows, ballustrades and pilasters, and in short, every thing that is handsome, modern and tonish. I was perfectly charmed with all this when an accident happened, which had nearly made me frantic, and curse my architect for an illiterate booby, who deserved to be buried in one of his deepest foundations.

I am sure the public will forgive my rage, when I relate that one day, my workmen in pulling down part of a round tower, came to a small concealed closet in the wall, in which was lodged, a very old iron chest, with a rusty padlock upon it.

They immediately concluded, they had found a treasure, and proposed to take an oath of secrecy to each other respecting the contents—but one of them cried out, “ Damn it, let us first see if there is any thing in the chest worth swearing about —let

—let us open him and examine his belly.” This they did by striking off the padlock, when upon lifting up the lid—lo, there was nothing to be found but a parcel of old musty papers in manuscript, much decayed from age, very damp, and almost perished for want of air. At this critical moment, my architect entering the tower, enquired of the workmen what they were about. They being extremely disappointed at neither finding gold nor silver, told him they had just discovered a parcel of old dirty papers, not worth a t—d. Let me see them, says he, and then turning over some leaves, he reads on the title page, “The history of *John Bull*,” but the ignorant nincompoop, never having before heard of the name of that illustrious person, exclaimed, “Ay, this is a cock and a bull story indeed.” And reading still farther, he came to those beautiful and well selected lines of Ovid; upon which he observed, “That this was some damned greek or latin jargon,” which he thanked God he knew nothing about, “and there-



fore, (says he,) as the paper is very *nice* and *soft*, I will carry it to town with me, and shall do, what perhaps the author could not have done for himself, for I shall certainly transmit his work to *posterity*." Having pronounced this witticism with an air of self-applause, he began to bundle up his papers, when by the most accidental stroke of good luck, I came, sauntering into the place!—"What have you got here," good Sir? says I. "Nothing worth looking at," replied the artist, telling me, at the same time where and how these old fusty papers, as he was pleased to call them, had been discovered. This raised my curiosity, and having read the title page, and the learned historian's quotation from Ovid, I jumped for joy, and exclaimed "By God, I have found a treasure!" upon this, I observed both my architect and workmen began to stare at me, and at one-another, like so many stuck pigs. At length the artist addressing himself to me, "Are these Sir," said he, Title deeds which we have now discovered?" "Title devils,"



devils," replied I, you had nearly ruined me, by your ignorance; but thank God I came in time to save this valuable work!" and then collecting the mouldy sheets, away I capered to my study, in a transport of joy, and immediately set myself down to read over this admirable performance.

I soon perceived that the air began to have a sensible effect upon the sheets of my manuscript, as they became so tender, it was with difficulty they could bear turning over. I was therefore under the necessity to set about transcribing the whole with great care and fidelity, altering not a word nor a syllable, nor even a letter of this excellent and justly admired historian.

I may therefore boast with great truth, that such as I found it, I give it to the world, uninjured, unaltered, unimpaired. At what time this fragment was originally wrote, I leave to the conjectures and investigation of the learned and ingenious. Neither shall I pretend to decide what period of the life and transactions of

the illustrious *John Bull*, is here narrated. I do not mean to indulge conjecture. Our historian has himself hinted, that he treats of a period of that great man's existence, when he was rather verging towards dotage. Indeed the inconsistency of his conduct, as here related, with the whole tenor of his former life and conversation, affords but too good ground to justify our author's observation. Nor does even his nuptials, with the young, the proud, the haughty and assuming Miss Prerogative, in any way disprove, but rather confirms what our author has advanced.

But what above all serves to establish this fact, is, the visible decline of that great man's mental faculties, to that degree, as to allow himself to be compleatly deceived and led blindfold by the nurse, of whom he was wont to entertain so rooted a jealousy, and to permit her, without opposition, to employ for his steward, an ignorant school boy, altogether unacquainted with mankind, and unskilled in  
 busi-

business.—And this at a time, when *John's* affairs were much embroiled, and his finances almost exhausted, by continual expensive and vexatious litigations. So that really if there was in his family, one man with more wisdom, experience and knowledge than another, this was undoubtedly the time to have called for an exertion of his abilities.

Be that as it may, we all know, that *John's* great failings from his infancy, were rashness and precipitancy, and that he was credulous to a degree, scarcely consistent with common sense. These foibles exposed him sadly to the malicious and fabricated reports of talebearers, gossips, slanderers and liars, and are prominent features of his character, which our author has here most admirably depicted.

I once proposed to have presented the english reader, with a translation of our author's quotation from Ovid; but not finding myself quite equal to the task, I applied to our parson, who is reckoned a  
very



very pretty scholar. However, his version did not altogether please me, and I dropped my design. He for instance, had translated *Occasus, Ireland*; and *Ortus, the East-Indies*. This I objected to, observing, that although Ovid might very probably have heard of the *East-Indies*, yet I could not imagine that he had ever heard, or read much about *Ireland*. And for this and other reasons, I determined to lay aside all thoughts of an English version.

I have only farther to add, that although I have considered it as a pious duty which I owed to the manes of so great an historian to give his work to the public, without hazarding the smallest alteration, yet I am not so blinded by the brilliant merit of this celebrated writer, as not to confess that many inaccuracies have crept into his work; which in candour and fairness, we ought surely to attribute to his not having had sufficient leisure before his death, to reduce it into a state of finished correctness. We must therefore view this little fragment of history as the precious and spirited



rited sketch of a great painter, which had not yet received the last and most corrective strokes of his pencil, and where unhappily for mankind, too few of the wished for *pentimenti* appear: and where still more unhappily, the ample canvas is left unfilled with the grand and glorious composition.

If the perusal of this curious and interesting fragment should afford as much entertainment and satisfaction to the public, as it has done to me, I shall esteem myself amply rewarded for all my trouble in the publication.

PEREGRINE PINFOLD.

Grub-Hatch,  
April 30, 1785.



T H E

D E D I C A T I O N.

To the Rt. Hon. William Pitt,  
First Lord of the Treasury,  
and Chancellor of the Ex-  
chequer, &c. &c. &c.

*Most sublime and wonderful SIR,*

I Once intended to have given to the Public, the following fragment of the history of that most excellent and eminent tradesman, *John Bull*, Esq; without seeking for any great or powerful patron, under whose protection, it might be ushered into the world, with greater lustre and eclat. I had indeed almost persuaded myself, that so authentic an history of that great man, written by so admirable an author as *Sir Humphry Polesworth*, whose  
cha-

character, as an able and faithful historian, has been long established beyond all the effort of cavil and criticism, could not require any such extraordinary recommendation to a nation of tradesmen, whose chief glory consists in having, like the celebrated *John Bull*, made their way thro' all difficulties, by a most assiduous and laborious industry.

But whilst I was ruminating upon this matter, it suggested itself to my imagination, that it would be much more fashionable to prefix a dedication to this most inestimable work.—Fashion, sir, which has such influence over great minds, at once determined me, and I could not help recollecting with pleasure, that even you yourself, was, during last session of parliament, prompted by this powerful motive, to save the national credit, by paying the navy and victualling bill-holders at par, which no other consideration on earth, but fashion, could have induced you to have done.

This,



This, sir, has also prevailed upon me to attempt this daring measure of dedication. But how to approach you in terms of adequate eulogy, is that which creates my greatest difficulty. I am sensible that I cannot possibly say any thing very new upon a subject, where you yourself and so many other ingenious statesmen and orators, have been exhausting *all* the most pompous expressions and fulsome figures, to bestow praise.

In this dangerous situation, coming over the self-same ground, I am afraid I may innocently incur the reproach of plagiarism. Sir Richard Hill, for instance, that sublime Prophet, Preacher and Poet, has unhappily anticipated a very grand idea, which I had formed concerning you, and which indeed neither he nor I, need to plume ourselves much upon, since it must be obvious, and will naturally occur to every one who will give themselves a moment's reflection: I mean that sub-

lime

lime idea, by him so beautifully expressed, "That Old England, and the Son of Old Chatham, must fall together!" It is indeed a very true, but a very mortifying consideration, to think that both these melancholly events cannot be at any great distance.

*Durum: sed levius fit patientia,  
Quidquid corrigere est nefas:*

But, great sir, allow me to say, that however true, and however sublime this idea, yet was it extremely imprudent in our friend Sir Richard, to have mentioned this matter in so public an assembly, when it is well known, that there is one Person in the kingdom, still greater than yourself, who may have taken the alarm at this position; and who I verily believe would be the most miserable of mankind, did he consider you as a fixture to the premises, not moveable at pleasure. The very essence of authority for which he has been struggling with so much zeal,  
vigueur

vigour and duplicity, ever since you was born.

Besides by thus divulging the grand arcanum of the empire, the worthy baronet has exposed us to our enemies, who, I have no doubt, should you fall, would be ready to invade us by sea and land; nay, perhaps by air; thus rendering, by means of balloons, our insular situation, no security against our aerostatic foes.

But while I thus descant upon your amazing utility to the state, I forget the principal purport of this dedication, which was to declare to you, that you may depend upon me, as being attached to you and you alone, for the rest of my life, unless any thing of greater advantage than your patronage, should tempt me to seek for protection elsewhere: In which case I am sure, even your little knowledge of mankind, will prevent you from expecting any farther friendship from me. Indeed almost all of your present fast friends,

C

may



may from past experience teach you this important lesson. The Treasurer of the Navy, after trying all parties, clings to you, as most useful to himself and *to the state*. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Gower, the Duke of Richmond, the Rat Catcher, and all Lord North's quondam band of *illustrious contractors*, understand this maxim compleatly; and permit me to add, the greatest of all examples, virtuous and immaculate fir, that you yourself, when interest and ambition lead the way, can wheel from privilege to prerogative, with a crane neck on a new principle, by letters patent, *under the Great Seal*. And what was so well said of a former popular minister in this country, may with equal justice be applied to your immaculate Self——

Now he'll command, and now obey,

Bellows for liberty to-day;

And roars for power to-morrow.

But

But again I forget myself on this bewitching subject---I forget that I write a dedication, and allow myself to be hurried down the rapid stream of dissertation. Permit me only to add in your own classical and elegant style, that if I have missed any portion of praise, I should have bestowed, I do assure you it was not from any intention of *blinking* this favorite subject.---Consider it, great Sir, as a mark of my impotence rather than any failure of my desires.---

I have the honor to be with the most profound veneration and adoration,

divine and immaculate SIR,

your most devoted and obsequious  
servant,

PEREGRINE PINFOLD.

But again I forgot myself on this be-  
 witching subject—I forget that I write a  
 dedication, and allow myself to be hurried  
 down the rapid stream of dissertation.  
 Permit me only to add in your own clas-  
 sical and elegant style, that if I have mailed  
 any portion of praise, I should have be-  
 flowed, I do assure you it was not from  
 any intention of showing this favorite sub-  
 ject.—Consider it, great Sir, as a mark  
 of my impotence rather than any failure  
 of my duties.—

I have the honor to be with the most  
 profound veneration and adoration,

divine and immaculate sir,

your most devoted and obedient

servant,

PERRIGNINE PINFOLD.

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# EXORDIUM

TO THIS

FOURTH PART,

OF

MY CURIOUS, EVENTFULL AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY.

Being now arrived at that period of the history of the admirable and inimitable *John Bull*, which teems with the greatest and most interesting events of that great man's life. I should think myself perfectly inexcusable, if in imitation of other celebrated historians, I did not here pause, in order to inform my gentle reader, that I am highly sensible of the dignity and importance of my subject; and that no pains have been wanting on my part, to search for truth, wherever she could be found. I have not only examined every author, who has treated of these complicated transactions, but I have conversed with many persons of great consequence, in *John Bull's* own family, and have compared

their accounts, with what I found narrated in the annals and other authentic records of the times, carefully rejecting what appeared to me either false or spurious.

Barely to mention the numberless volumes, which I have found it necessary to consult—The pamphlets, magazines, news-papers—speeches never spoken—statutes never understood, those which have been repealed, and those which ought never to have passed—petitions, remonstrances, representations, and addresses—The ballads, songs, squibs and epigrams—Barely to enumerate, these learned authorities, would form a catalogue as voluminous as my history itself, and might appear in me, an effect of extreme ostentation and a vain parade of science, which I would at all times wish to avoid—Whether I have succeeded in accomplishing this great and important task, with skill and ability, becomes not me to determine, but I shall certainly await the decision of a well informed public, with a *long* and *respectful* silence.

## CHAPTER I.

*John Bull's age—His pensive and sensible soliloquy—Some prominent features of his character described.*

**J**OHN BULL, was now arrived at that time of life, when people begin to suspect that some of the follies incident to human nature may not improperly be imputed to a sort of premature dotage. Be that as it may, there was no person of acute penetration, but might perceive that this great and good man, was rather verging towards the wane of life—The tedious, irksome and unsuccessful lawsuit, which he had carried on, with his ungrateful and rascally tenants, in the west country, who in order to cast *John*, had been supplied both with cash and with counsel by his old and inveterate enemy, *Louis Baboon*, and others, had fretted *John* to the very guts: and then the disgraceful manner in which that business had been compromised, by *Malagrida*, his late steward, had hurt his feelings very much. For to say truth, *John* was e'en as humane a good hearted fellow, as you would see amongst a thousand. He was frequently seen walking in a pensive mood, backwards and forwards, through his

C 4

hall,



hall, at *Bullock's hatch*, and was often over-heard muttering to himself, somewhat to the following purpose,

Zounds! My people might at least have taken some care of those poor tenants of mine in the west country, who really befriended my cause; but to leave them to be turned out of their farms—To be dragged from their houses and homes; nay, even to have many of their throats cut by those inhuman and lawless banditti their neighbours, appears to me a most shocking business—Oh, *John Bull*—*John Bull*, thou art sadly disgraced by thy servants!—But damn it, what could I expect from that infamous, hardened scoundrel *Malagrida*—I suppose he found it necessary for himself, that matters should be made up—No doubt he and his associate, that supple loon *Harry Mac Bumbo*—have filled their pockets by it.

Well, I do really think one of the best things ever my poor wife did for me; was the dismissing of those knaves from my service. I know the nurse has a sort of sneaking kindness for that fellow *Malagrida*, for he has a cursed artful wheedling tongue, can flatter ye by the hour, and lie like the very devil—When it serves his purpose—For my own part, I can't  
say

say I ever had a good opinion of the dog—I like people of my own temper—fair, open and above board: nothing hidden or concealed. At the same time, I must confess, I am so far of the nurse's way of thinking, that it appears to me a very ridiculous thing, to see my old friends, *Boreas* and young *Renard*, so cordial and shaking hands together, after giving one another the lye so often in my wife's hearing, and calling one another all the bad names they could invent. This to be sure is somewhat very extraordinary and almost convinces me that these gentry fall in, and fall out, just as their own interest directs them, without much minding my good, or that of my family. I believe verily they are all rogues together; that I take to be the plain English of it.—Not but that I must needs confess, I think both *Boreas* and *Renard*, are very clever fellows, as any ever I had within my doors—*Boreas*, I always took to be a good humoured, droll, facetious fellow with a vast of wit, great parts and great experience in my affairs, and had always a deal to say for himself. He was once as well with the nurse, as any man alive, that is, while he obeyed all her orders implicitly, much against his own inclination. But now I know she hates him like the devil for his junction with *Renard*,  
and

and the more he acts like a man of honour, in his new connection, she will like him the worse—for she's a proud, obstinate vindictive, old b——, as ever existed. Well hang her, if I care a damn whether she's pleased or no, if they agree so as to manage my affairs to good purpose; for I am sure they never required more care, attention and ability, than at present, to get me out of the cursed scrape I am now in, for which I have to thank her pride and obstinacy, and be damned to her, leading me in to all this foolish, absurd litigation, with such a set of rascally ungrateful scoundrels—And now I have got a compleat verdict against me with exorbitant costs of suit, and where all this immense sum is to come from, God only knows.

Thus *Jahn* went on in a soliloquy that had no end, when he was in these gloomy pensive moods, and these recurred, but too frequently of late, for he really felt his situation grievous, unsuccessful in his lawsuit, and up to the eyes in debt. What was his only comfort, and I sincerely believe he felt it as a real comfort at this time, was to think that his affairs were now both in active and able hands, for although he was at first somewhat hurt at the sudden



sudden coalition of *Boreas* and *Renard*—yet he was soon reconciled to it, and used to confess what was true, that it was very much his own temper to forgive injuries, and forget animosities—"I can easily suppose, says he, that being both open, frank, and good humoured, they have agreed to meet with some mutual friends over a bottle, and to shake hands, and forget all former quarrels"—Besides, says *John*, "My wife, who is a very, discreet sensible woman, has a high opinion of them both, and has frequently told me, she was perfectly sure, that it was their sincere affection for me, that prompted them to so unexpected a reconciliation, for that they could not bear to see my affairs so bungled and bedeviled as they were by that sad dog *Malagrida*, and his profligate associate *Harry Mac Bumbo*, with young *Pam*, his apprentice." Such was the language which *John Bull* used to hold once and again on this subject. But alas his satisfaction and peace of mind, were not long lived, as we shall see by the sequel of this useful and authentic history.

For there it will be found, that though *John Bull*, was as sensible and as well meaning a tradesman as any you would wish to see or converse withal, and one who understood his  
own



own business thoroughly, and had a sort of a smatter of every thing—Yet had he a most unfortunate temper for his own interest: by which means he often marred the best concerted plans, and even so it happened now. *John* with a very large share of good sense, was of all mankind, the most credulous. You could by art and persuasion, and a competent portion of effrontery, make him swallow down any thing, however absurd and improbable. This unlucky temper, had made *John*, the constant dupe, of every quack of every profession, who could get acquainted with him. Should any man say and assert it boldly, that he could go into a quart bottle, *John* would immediately give ear to it. Ay, and would have rode or run a hundred miles, to have seen this admirable trick performed. If another would pretend that he could pay off all his debts, in the course of a few years, *John* would gape and listen to him, with the greatest attention.

This foible of *John's*, was well known in the family, and not this foible only, otherwise it might have passed unnoticed, as not being attended with any very bad consequences; but added to this, *John* was of that violent and precipitate temper, that without the least examination into the reasonableness, or truth, or proba-

probability of what he heard, he would immediately set to work and enter upon the execution of any new project, with as much ardour and zeal, as if he had the best authority for it. Nor would he hear a single syllable from any friend, who advised him to think of the matter and to take time to deliberate and consider what he was about. Many a scoundrel had taken great advantage of these failings, to their own emolument and *John's* disgrace. Yet he never grew wiser from experience, but the next comer, that would talk beg enough, and boast of his own knowledge and talents, was sure to meet the most favorable reception from *John*, who swallowed every species ofrodomontade as if it had been gospel, and never would give himself time to reflect on the consequences of such egregious folly and nonsense.

## C H A P. II.

*Boreas and Renard, set themselves in good earnest to arrange John Bull's affairs. Short History of the East country clerks—Their extreme vigilance and avarice described—Serious intention to cleanse the counting-house, which is prevented by John Bull's nurse.*

NOT only the sensible and thinking part of *John Bull's* own family, but likewise all the neighbours to a man, agreed that he had been extremely lucky in having his affairs put into such able hands as those of *Boreas* and *Renard*, and those who really wished him well, were happy in congratulating him upon this event; an event which he owed entirely to the good sense, prudence and discretion of *Mrs. Bull*, who in every action of her life, had shown great dignity, and independence and an unremitting zeal for her husband's welfare—Nobody knew better than her, the embarrassed situation of *John's* affairs, and it was universally allowed that she could not have put them into better or abler hands, than into those of *Boreas* and *Renard*, who to their talents and experience, added great zeal to exert themselves in arranging *John's* finances, in settling his books,



books, ballancing his accompts, and in extending and regulating his trade. But what most of all required their immediate attention, was the strange business and abuses that had crept into *John's* counting house, where a set of his clerks had been carrying on a rare spot of work, and finding that *John* was too much engaged in law to give them any great attention, they had entered into the saddest scenes of speculation, plunder, knavery and oppression, that ever were heard of, in a christian country. These fellows contrived a plan, by which they thought they might be considerable gainers without hurting *John* in the smallest degree. Observing therefore that there was a set of lazy lubbardly East-country squires, who were not cleverly supplied with *John's* goods, and who had also many commodities, the produce of their farms, which they imagined would be useful to *John* in return, they proposed to take the carrying on this traffic off *John's* hands, to free him from the trouble and expence of it, promising at the same time, to bring the whole produce and profits to *Bullock's-batch*, by which not only they, but also *John* himself would reap very great advantage.

This



This project pleased *John* hugely and his wife still more, for the ladies are always captivated by wonderful adventures, and romantic and difficult exploits, which I am convinced, may have been partly the cause of their great and ardent desire of travelling into *Scotland* with so much rapidity and eagerness, as has often happened in former times.

*John Bull*, and his wife were therefore perfectly agreed, in granting to these crafty clerks, an exclusive privilege to carry on this traffic, with the aforesaid 'squires. To work went the clerks with a greedy industry, and traded away at a vast rate, till they acquired great riches and a greater name. Then it was, that many of the young servants about *John's* family, wished to be sent out, that they also might have opportunities of pushing their fortunes. And accordingly, great numbers of sprightly youngers, were sent who being extremely intent upon the neatest way of filling their purses, they bethought themselves, that trade was not the only method by which large fortunes could be acquired, but that it might be to the full as good, and as expeditious a way to get rid of the eastern squires altogether, by foul or by fair means, no matter which, and  
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so to take possession of their estates for themselves.

This succeeded to a miracle, for in a short space of time, our spirited *Younkers*, stabbed some, shot others, poisoned, sold, imprisoned, betrayed, bribed, bullied and trampled down, to such a pitch, that they made themselves absolute masters of whole parishes. And so powerful, and so rich were they become by this management, that nobody in that part of the country, and far less at *Bullock's-batch*, dared to say a word against them, or find any fault whatever, with their proceedings.

In this way, you would often see strange low-lived fellows, such as cheese-monger's-boys, waiters at taverns, alehouse-keeper's sons, and the like, after they had been some years in the east country, and being what the *Scots* call sharp loons, they would pillage and peculate, and plunder, and cheat their poor oppressed tenantry, to such a degree that in the course of two or three years, they would return to *Bullock's-batch*, with great overgrown fortunes, where you might often have seen them strutting about the *hall*, and the parlours, and giving themselves incredible airs, as if

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John

*John Bull* himself had been nothing compared with them. Nay, they were even so amazingly pert and forward, from their success, that they would have had the impudence to take out a gold pass key, which they usually brought home with them, and wore in their breeches pocket, with which they would at times turn the latch of Mrs. *Bull*'s chamber door, and walk in, with the greatest ease and familiarity, and would then set themselves down upon the first seat that came in their way, without so much as saying with your leave, or by your leave. If Mrs. *Bull* took no notice of them, it was nothing to those gentry, if she, or any of her servants spoke to them, they would begin and chatter away, as fast as any of the family could do for their hearts or souls.

Now it so happened, that just at this time those cunning clerks were running a fine career of rapine, perfidy and speculation, greatly to their own emolument, but to the eternal disgrace of *John Bull*, and his family. In so much, that not only *John*'s wife, family, and friends, but likewise all the neighbours were crying shame upon him, for not better regulating the conduct of his servants. There seemed therefore to be an universal desire in  
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the family, to see an end put to these sad scenes of plunder and oppression, devastation and ruin.

But nobody was more sensible of the necessity of a reform than *Boreas* and *Renard*. Mr. *Whigman*, the steward, a very honest man, had it also much at heart, and promised all his assistance to carry on this measure. Nor did any one about the family pretend more zeal for it than *John's* nurse, a person of a very singular character, who in order to indulge in one favorite passion, could with pleasure sacrifice to it, every consideration, and completely disguise every other feeling of her mind. To this ruling passion was owing the part we shall now see her play in *John's* affairs, the extraordinary means she used to prevent the proposed reform, and the curious steps she took to overset Mr. *Whigman*, *Boreas*, *Renard*, and the rest of *John's* ablest, and most trusty servants.



## C H A P. III.

*Birth, parentage, and education of John Bull's Nurse——She is enraged, but dissembles her anger——She determines to trip up the heels of John's best servants, and thus to gratify her revenge.*

**B**EFORE I proceed to this part of my authentic history, it is very necessary for the better understanding of future events that I should here relate a few particulars respecting *John Bull's* nurse, and the great sway she bore in his family.

*Mrs. Herenhausen*, for that was the name of the nurse, was by the father's side, of German extraction, and of an exceeding good family, both by father and mother, and very sensible was she of it herself, and very vain of such pre-eminence. Her father died when she was yet a child, and so the care of her education fell to her mother, and to one *Sawney Macthane*, a queer, proud, pompous and pedantic fellow, formerly of sister *Peg's* family. This task, *Sawney*, undertook with great pleasure, and instilled many of his own extravagant and fantastical

tastic notions into the girls head — by telling her that she might expect one day or another, to have great power in *John Bull's* family, and how she ought to manage to drive, or lead him — and how she ought to have all his servants of her own chusing, and never to permit either *John* or his *Wife* to make choice of any. “ And if ever it so happens,” said *Sawney*, “ that they should claim such privileges, you should never rest, night or day, till you can get them dismissed, and new ones put in their places; for that is the only rule, for maintaining absolute power in *John's* family.” And indeed it must be confessed, that this maxim of *Sawney's*, was not a bad one, for procuring and maintaining power in any private family.

It fell out, just as *Sawney* had foretold; for he, like many more of *Peg's* family, was endued with a curious talent, called the second sight. In short, the *nurse* got a place in *John's* house, and she so improved it, what from her own natural temper, what from *Sawney's* instructions, that she soon acquired great sway there, and her word passed for a law amongst all the servants, who stood much in awe of her, and cringed, curtsied and bowed to her, more than they did to *John Bull* himself.

This naturally increased the *nurse's* pride and high notions of her own dignity and importance. And *Sawney's* maxim respecting the management of the servants had made such an impression upon her mind, that it was never absent from her imagination. So that from the love of sway, and *John* and his *Wife's* easy tempers, the old woman was become extremely insolent, imperious and so obstinate withal, that you might well see she had a good portion of the *German* blood in her veins.

From this arrogance and pride, she had first engaged *John* in that fatal lawsuit, with his tenants in the *west country*, her cursed obstinacy was the cause of its being carried on, and her damned passion for choosing every person in *John's* service, was the reason why she also took upon her to name *John's* lawyers and attorneys, and so furnished him with as compleat a set of rogues and petty-foggers, as any poor litigious man was ever blessed with.

Never was there a plainer or clearer case, than that of *John's*, and if it was necessary to go to law, which many sensible men thought neither necessary nor prudent; yet certainly the action being once brought and the suit commenced, every one must acknowledge *John* was



was confoundedly ill used by his counsel, who run him to immoderate expence, without having genius or capacity, and without even inclination to take one decisive step that might bring this affair to a fortunate issue.

However all those rare gentry were the choice of the nurse, and therefore tho' *John* growled, he was determined to see it to an end, but Mrs. *Bull*, being at length heartily tired, and complaining most grievously of the immoderate expence, she was fully determined to bring matters to a speedy conclusion—and the nurse seeing she could not help herself, employed *Malagrida* to compromise the affair, which he did, in so scandalous and bungling a manner, as both to disgust Mr. and Mrs. *Bull*, which occasioned his disgrace and dismissal from his service.

Then it was that old *Boreas* and *Renard*, determined gloriously to save *John* and the family from more mischief, by making up all their former quarrels, and forgetting or forgiving past injuries. Mrs. *Bull*, who was as well conditioned a woman as ever lived, was extremely happy at this reconciliation, for she saw the great advantage it would be of to her husband's affairs. But *John* himself, was not near so clear about it, and used to reason and



growl concerning it, exactly in the manner we have described above, sometimes he thought it perfectly right, sometimes he thought it quite wrong, and alledged, that it was highly indecent and improper for two good-natured men, to make up their former quarrels in order to serve him and his family.

Mrs. *Bull*, however, in this matter, judged much more dispassionately and sensibly, and knowing the great merit of the parties, she strongly recommended their being employed in the future settlement of *John's* affairs; which was accordingly done.

It is not easy to conceive how much the nurse was enraged at this proceeding, for tho' she had been made privy to it, and had coldly assented, yet she had not been the person to propose the measure. In short, the proposition came from Mrs. *Bull*, to whom she had a very great dislike, as we shall see more fully hereafter. And altho' she had borne her no ill will whatever, still it was Mrs. *Bull's*, and not her own proposal.

However, as she was from her infancy a perfect mistress of dissimulation. she pretended intire satisfaction and acquiescence with all  
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the family arrangements now taking place, affected great good humour, and put on the air of compleat reconciliation and complacency.

All this time however, she harboured vengeance in her mind—she vowed revenge, for being naturally extremely vindictive, she waited with impatience a favourable opportunity, when she might put her designs into execution, and soothe her implacable resentment, as we shall see by the sequel of this eventful history.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*The Nurse makes choice of Pam, as the instrument of her vengeance—His education and character—He converses with Mrs. Bull—Is disconcerted at his cool reception—Is comforted by his Cousin Trim Stutter.*

THE nurse immediately fixed her eyes upon a young lad, bred in *John's* compting-house, as a fit instrument for her purposed revenge. And so he was a very proper agent for her present purposes. The young man I mean, whose name was *Pam*, was son to *Namby Pamby*, an eminent *quack*, who had practised in the neigh-

neighbourhood, with great success, and had acquired thereby a mighty reputation for cures in desperate cases. Certain it is, that he was a very impudent, presumptuous and pompous fellow, and used to harangue the multitude with great effect, so that they would stand with their mouths open, and swallow down for gospel all his hubble bubble jargon—If, says he, there are any distempers raging in *America*, I will cure them “ by ordering some large doses of my pills to be sent over to *Germany*.”—This sort of rodomantade nobody understood, and to be sure nobody could understand—and yet it was swallowed down with wonderful avidity by the populace, who admired the bold asseverations of the man, and even gave him credit for his unparalleled effrontery. Such was the fire of a most promising son, who if he had been bred to his father’s profession, would have out-stripped any empiric of any age or country—never was youth so well calculated by nature for this important science. Nobody was better qualified for the happy practice of every trick and deceit requisite for succeeding in this ingenious profession. No body could have distributed the pill or nostrum, with a better grace, or more self-sufficiency. Nobody could have better amused the multitude, with founding sentences equally devoid



devoid of sense or argument. But there is a peculiarity of fate attends every man; so that instead of being brought up to the external stage, it so fell out that young *Pam*, for so his name was familiarly contracted, was bound apprentice to a grocer.—But this crafty youth aspiring to greater things, and feeling in himself the seeds of a towering treachery and chicanery, soon broke his apprenticeship, and *John Bull*, for his father's sake (for he had cured him of a bad rupture) gave the lad a very snug birth in his *compting-house*, where he was put under the immediate and instructive tuition of one *Harry Mac-Bumbo*, and he, together with his preceptor, had been aiding and abetting in framing the late infamous compromise, respecting the long litigated affair of the *west country* tenantry.

Young *Pam*, of whom we shall have occasion to speak more at large hereafter, was a youth of pregnant parts, and as I have before observed, had excellent talents for haranguing the multitude. Though I am apt to think they were much over-rated, and that his own view of them was through a large magnifying medium. Add to this, he enjoyed a very handsome portion of superciliousness, great arrogance, great obstinacy, great pomposity of expression,



pression, together with great craft, cunning duplicity, and meanness of mind—To these were joined a preposterous ambition, not for power, but for the mere shadow and semblance of it. To gratify this strange equivocal passion, he would have sacrificed every consideration human or divine.—To enjoy this phantom, there was no degree of meanness he would not submit to. Nor did he feel sore at the necessity of flattering, fawning and crouching, to those who were in possession of the real object of his desires.

Such was the person fixed upon by the *nurse*, for the management of her proposed enterprize, when time should have properly matured matters for action, for which she waited with a fever of impatience. Nor was the youth and inexperience of *Pam*, any serious objection in her eyes : for what she required was implicit obedience, without either reflection or knowledge.

She also communicated her secret intentions to some other chosen associates, among whom was one *Surly*, a leading conspirator, to whom it is said, *Pam*, owed his present promotion, having been recommended by him, as the most proper tool for such a transaction.

*Surly*

*Surly*, was by nature formed for a conspirator, of a stern and capricious turn of mind, he was as *Shakespeare* phrases it, fit for treason, stratagem and spoil, and took upon himself the great direction of this disgraceful business.

Things were now beginning to ripen, and the *nurse* and *Surly*, had settled their plan. The *nurse* therefore sent for *Pam*, informing him of what great things she would do for him, if he would undertake this business. The boy's head was perfectly turned with this unexpected piece of good fortune, by which he saw plainly that he should have the appearance of enjoying great power and pre-eminence in the family—accordingly he did not require a moment to consider of what was prudent and proper for him to do, or what he really was able for—all that was perfectly out of the question, and his usual presumption determined him at once to embrace this tempting offer of the *nurse*.

She finding she had hit upon the fittest tool in the world for her purpose, advised him to go without loss of time to Mrs. *Bull*'s apartment, and call upon her to exert herself in concerting and carrying through a compleat reform and regulation of those clerks, who had taken upon them-

themselves the transactions of the *East country* trade.

*Pam*, went accordingly, and executed his commission with a good grace. He told *Mrs. Bull*, that such a licentious conduct in a set of clerks, ill became that character for humanity, and that reputation for regularity which *Mr Bull* had acquired in the trading world; that it was a great disgrace upon him, and upon the whole family, and that for his part he wished of all things to see a proper reform set on foot. Not a trivial enquiry, a palliative or half measure, but a strong, manly and decided determination, to stem that torrent of villainy and abuse of power, which were become shameful, not only in the eyes of *Mr. Bull* and his family, but also in those of all the neighbours.

*Renard*, happened to be in *Mrs. Bull's* chamber, when *Pam* held this discourse, and said candidly, openly and ingeniously, that he was truly ashamed he had never yet stirred in a business, which he felt so essentially necessary to the reputation and prosperity of *Mr. Bull* and the house, and as one of his confidential secretaries, he reckoned it his duty to prepare and lay a plan before *Mrs. Bull* for her opinion and approbation.

Accordingly



Accordingly comes Mr. *Renard*, in a few days with his plan, and a very sensible and well digested one it was, and extremely well calculated for the purpose.

*Pam* was present when *Renard* read it over to Mrs. *Bull*, and was chuckling and perfectly happy to think he had now got *Renard* to propose an affair, which he was fully convinced would ruin him for ever. Mrs. *Bull*, he knew had a little penchant towards the present establishment, and he was in the highest hopes, that she would reject the plan proposed by *Renard*, which plan he thought would throw him into perfect disgrace, with *John Bull*, his family, and counting-house—Besides *Pam* well knew, that many of Mrs. *Bull*'s servants were clearly in the interest of the *east country* clerks, from motives of self-interest and from douceurs, which they had either touched, or were in hopes of touching. Nay, it was even shrewdly suspected in the family, that the *nurse* herself, and some of her nearest connections, had at times felt something of an itching palm, and that she had no greater aversion than her neighbours to the lustre of oriental gew-gaws; of which little frailties, female minds are wonderfully susceptible. How far this may have been the case at present, I will



will not take upon me to determine, but if it was so, it must be allowed, that upon this, as well as on other occasions, she perfectly understood how to dissemble, for she not only agreed to the necessity of a reform, but even approved of the proposed plan as effectual.

*Pam* was however egregiously mistaken with respect to *Mrs. Bull*, who saw with her usual good sense, that trifling regulations would not do the business, and that it required such vigorous measures as *Pam* himself had proposed and *Renard* had planned.

Never was poor wretch so humbled and so crest fallen as was *Mr. Pam*, when he heard *Mrs. Bull's* sentiments upon this subject. He left the apartment quite in despair, having no consolation remaining, but in the support and obstinacy of the *nurse*.—Just as he was going through the lobby, with a heavy heart; fortunately for him, he met with one *Trim Stutter*, a near relation of his own, to whom he briefly related what had passed. *Trim*, who was a man of intrigue, bid *Pam* be of good cheer, for so long as he had the patronage and protection of the *nurse*, he said he had nothing to fear. I will go to her this very night, says

*Trim*

*Trim*, there is a private back way I have of getting at her apartment, and I will then propose a scheme by which I think *Renard's* plan may yet be defeated, and he and his friends be laid on their backs.

## C H A P. V.

*How Trim Stutter mounts the back stairs, and gets into the Nurse's private apartments. The curious conversation which there ensued: A conversation well worth the strictest attention of statesmen and others.*

**T**RIM was as good as his word.—As soon as it was dark, away he goes to the back door, which leads to a pair of back stairs, that go up to the *nurse's* apartment, groping his way as well as he could; at last, with the help of a dark lanthorn, he finds out the place, and being very thin and lank, he squeezes himself up the narrow winders, with great stillness and alacrity. Having now reached the *nurse's* apartment, he made an apology for disturbing her at that unseasonable time of night, and signified, that nothing but the importance of the business, could have made him take the liberty of approaching her person: but that being ex-

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tremely

tremely attached to her, he could do no less than represent the danger which threatned her. "What! What!" said the *nurse*, as her manner was, when she wished to have any thing repeated. Perhaps on this occasion, she might have perfectly understood her informer: but she was happy to hear the repetition of a subject so agreeable.

What madam! said *Trim*, can your ladyship (for *Trim* was a very courtly person, and understood flattery well) be ignorant, that should this plan of *Renard's*, take place, for the reform of the *East country clerks*, your power in this family will be annihilated for ever?

*Nurse*. What! what!

*Trim*. Don't you plainly perceive madam, that this plan puts it out of your ladyship's, power ever to name any of the servants for the management of the *East country business*? The whole is put into the hands of a few of *Renard's* particular friends, and they will have so much in their power, and so many good things to give away, that it must establish on the surest footing both *Renard's* and *Boreas's* influence in the counting-house, and in the family, insomuch that nobody will ever pay court to your ladyship



ship again, and you must remain a cypher for ever after.

*Nurse.* Very just, Mr *Stutter*, very just indeed, but how can I prevent this evil; what is to be done?

*Trim.* Nothing so easy madam, go to Mrs. *Bull*, and let her know, that in such a case, you can by a long established right which you enjoy, absolutely stop the further progress of this abominable plan.

*Nurse.* That is true, Mr. *Stutter*, I know I can, but I do not like it. You know I have already approved of it, and therefore to fly directly in its face, would not have a very good look, for a person of my family and character—No that won't do, but if you can suggest any indirect means of stifling this plan, I am very well inclined to adopt that method.

*Trim.* Perfectly right, an't please your ladyship. But there is still another way, which is indirect, and consequently better suited to your disposition. What I would propose, is, that your ladyship should give me a few lines to Mrs *Bull*'s servants in her upper apartment, where *Renard*'s plan now lies, and I know, that with your authority, and a few shiners, properly



applied, together with promises of some of those pretty coloured ribbons, white sticks, and other toys, which you used to make presents of, I shall get her servants to break their words, betray their trusts, and throw all the papers out of the window, and make them give out that they have been lost or mislaid, God knows how.

*Nurse.* I thank you, my good cousin *Stutter*; this is an excellent idea of yours—But what is next to be done, for this fellow *Renard* is indefatigable? You may depend upon it, he will have another plan of the same kind prepared and laid before Mrs. *Bull*, who in the humour she is now in, will again approve of it, and recommend it to *John*.

*Trim.* Certainly, madam, all this will be done, if your ladyship permits it, but Lord how easy is it, with your power and influence, to prevent any such thing?

*Nurse.* How, how! Mr. *Stutter*, I am all impatience?

*Trim.* How! why set *Whigman*, *Boreas* and *Renard*, and all their adherents a-packing, without any ceremony.

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Yes, that I would do with all my heart, Mr. *Stutter*, but what would *John*, and what would his *Wife* say to it?

*Trim.* As to *Bull*, madam, you well know what a clod-pated, numsculled, beastly fellow it is. Surely you have not lived so long in this family, without learning how easily he may be hood-winked, and convinced that black is white.

*Nurse.* For God's-sake explain yourself! for I will do any thing from hatred and revenge.

*Trim.* Ay, madam, these are indeed princely passions, and ought to be indulged!—Was I in your ladyship's place, I would never forgive those two infamous scoundrels, *Boreas* and *Renard*, for basely forgetting past injuries, and daring to coalesce for the good of *Bull's* affairs. This shows more than any thing what damned milky blooded villains they are. I beg pardon for swearing in your ladyship's presence, but I always grow warm on this subject.

*Nurse.* But good Mr. *Stutter*, I pray you point out my path to vengeance, and let me know how I must manage that beastly monster, *Bull*.—

*Trim.* .

*Trim.* The easiest thing in the world, madam, I shall have a set of profligate hirelings taken into pay, in order to spread a parcel of the most confounded lies, that ever were invented. I'll have rumours carried into every coffee-house, tavern and ale-house, that *Bull* frequents. For instance, I'll have it given out, that *Renard* had formed a plot against your long established authority in this family, and that he, *Whigman*, and *Boreas*, had conspired to annihilate your power. That in order to do this more effectually, they were going to have assumed to themselves all the power and possessions of the *East country clerks*, and that they were going, by their new plan, under pretence of reformation, to have seized and confiscated all their property, to have stolen the written agreement, formerly made, signed, sealed, and delivered, and that this was only a prelude to their making away with every other agreement, deed, and charter in the possession of *John Bull*, by which he holds his lands, liberties and franchises. I shall also have it given out, that this same *Renard* was absolutely caught, picking the lock of *Bull's* strong-room, where the title-deeds were lodged, and even the greatest of all deeds, by *old Glorious*, stiled *Magna Carta*: and that if it had

not



not been for your ladyship's watchful eye, and maternal care of *John's* concerns, there is little doubt but the villain would have made away with the whole, and got clear off.

*Nurse.* This is a most admirable stratagem, sweet Mr. *Trim*, there is no end to your wonderful fertility in expedients. I have no doubt but this will go down, and succeed with *Bull*, for he is most comfortably stupid.

*Trim.* Go down, madam! I'll pledge myself it shall go down; for if he should not believe it at first, as to be sure it is somewhat incredible, yet I will have a set of fellows hired, ycleped garreteers, and scriblers, who shall force it down his throat, so that he shall either swallow, or choak upon it.

*Nurse.* Ha! ha! ha! My dear cousin *Stutter*, though I am very poorly with a bilious complaint, yet I must laugh at your way of expressing yourself: there is no resisting your sterling humour. I now see my way distinctly. I shall get compleat revenge of those worthless scoundrels who wanted to govern this family by means of Mrs. *Bull*, forsooth, as if her word was to be a law. No truly! this family, and all mankind shall see that Mrs. *Herenhausen* is somebody.

*Trim.*



*Trim.* Somebody, madam! Why if you know yourself, you are every body, and every thing, and should, and shall absolutely command this family, from head to foot.

*Nurse.* My dear cousin, you shall know all the feelings of my soul, I will not attempt to conceal any of them from you. Love of sway, desire of revenge, and a little squeeze of malice, here and there, by way of relish, are what I like with all my heart, and therefore to indulge these at present, I would give up any consideration whatever, I would even sacrifice *Bull*, and his affairs, and allow them to go to the devil; I could be reconciled to my most detested enemies, so they could be aiding to my present purpose. On such an irresistible occasion, I could embrace with cordiality the once loathsome *Jack Squintum*—the blasphemer of his God, the libeller of his King, and the traducer of my mother's fair fame.

*Trim.* Very noble, very generous indeed, madam; every word, every feeling, shews what a great soul you are possessed of!!

*Nurse.* But Mr *Stutter*, allow me to say, there is still one great defect in our plan, for though we may, and I trust we have contrived to blind-  
fold

fold *Bull* compleatly, yet we have a much more difficult task to reconcile his wife to our plan, for she no doubt is a sensible woman, and is most sincerely attached, from good opinion, both to *Boreas* and *Renard*—and consequently may take their dismissal extremely ill out. In this case, perhaps she may dispute the point with me; and if she gets *John* to side with her, he may play up old gooseberry with us, for you well know what a furious ungovernable animal it is.—

*Trim.* I perfectly foresee this difficulty, and do think with your ladyship, that it is not impossible but Mrs *Bull*, may opiniatre the matter a little—and no doubt this requires management. But Mrs *Bull* is not inflexible, she may be coaxed—We must keep well with her servants—Veils, Madam, veils will do a great deal—and then, as I before observed, your ladyship has so many pretty things to give—Honours and preferments—and increase of wages; and to the maid-servants, ribbons, stars and garters, and such like toys; with these, you may depend upon it, we shall bring Mrs *Bull* over to our interest.

*Nurf.*

*Nurse.* I have great confidence in your opinion, Mr *Stutter*—But if I should be disappointed, what is next to be done?

*Trim.* Why then, Madam, there is but one way.——

*Nurse.* What is it, Mr *Stutter*! what is it?

*Trim.* To poison, or to stab her at once.

*Nurse.* Alas! Mr *Stutter*! that I would do with all my heart, but what would the coroner's inquest say to it?

*Trim.* Pooh, pooh, Madam, leave that to me! I will settle that matter without much trouble. In the first place, when the murder is done, I will lay down the bloody weapon by her side, and shall hire some physicians and ruffians, the former of whom will swear that Mrs. *Bull* was perfectly out of her mind, and fit only for Bedlam. The latter, will swear that they saw her put an untimely end to her own existence.

*Nurse.* You quite transport me, Mr *Stutter*, I long to be in at the death! But what will *Bull* say to all this—perhaps he will ride restive and have the matter fully investigated?

*Trim.*



*Trim.* BULL, Madam—Lord, how little your ladyship is acquainted with the character of *Bull*! I will engage to convince him, that his wife was not faithful to his bed, that to my certain knowledge she had been too familiar with, and too fond of, both *Boreas* and *Renard*—that she had a strong propensity to your portly corpulent men, like *John* himself, and that she was often heard to confess, that there was no resisting the persuasive eloquence of either of her two favorites. *Bull*, who is naturally abundantly credulous, will give ear to all this; and I shall confirm his suspicions by a thousand circumstances—So that I doubt not but he will soon damn her to *Hell*, for an abominable strumpet, and think himself extremely lucky in having got rid of her.

*Nurse.* That is a very happy idea, besides I have bethought myself of a way to conciliate *John's* affections and good wishes, and to route his apprehensions. For you know, cousin, though I have the most sovereign contempt for this great blustering Oaf, yet I have always pretended vast regard and affection for him, and great zeal for his welfare. Now I doubt not but he is compleatly gulled by my professions, and as he is a good natured beast, I have great reason to think that he has a tenderness

derness and good-will towards me. Taking advantage of these, I'll give it out, that being totally disgusted with the insolent behaviour and contumely of Mrs *Bull*, that I have come to the determination to quit his family for good, and never more to set foot within his door. I'll go further, for I'll have a boat ordered to come to *Bullock's Hatch Stairs*, as if I was ready to set off. God knows I have no such intention, but I know this will move *John*, and many of his old servants will take the alarm, and begin seriously to regret my departure, fearing that matters may go worse without me.

Their compassion and their fears once up, we may then venture to do with Mrs *Bull* what we please; and I am convinced we may then get all inquest concerning her madness and death, properly made up.—

*Trim.* A most admirable plan indeed, Madam; your ladyship has hit this off wonderfully well; you ladies have more invention at these little strokes of intrigue, than we men have: But now we are upon these subjects, will you permit me to ask your ladyship if you have any other cause of resentment to the present set of servants, beside the attempt they have now made to deprive you of your usual influence?

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Yes, surely, Mr *Stutter*, I have many good reasons for the rooted aversion I bear them. Did they not come in, in a manner, self-appointed, through the influence of Mrs. *Bull*? Do you think a woman of my dignity ought to bear that interference with my authority? But this is not all—Were they not men of abilities, in whom *John* and his whole family placed great confidence, and were they not determined to do what was right and useful, without implicitly obeying my commands? Could any mortal in my situation, bear this?

*Trim.* Abominable indeed, Madam!—But *Boreas* was surely accustomed to obey you, and would doubtless have continued to have done so.—

*Nurse.* You are quite mistaken, cousin. He had already declared he had seen his error, respecting the conduct of the *West Country Law-suit*, and had determined to act as he judged most expedient for the advantage of *John's* affairs. You cannot imagine how much I tried him upon this subject. I next tried to sow dissension between him and *Renard*, but the fellow pretended strict honour, and would not break his promise. Curse on his honour; I think he should



should have laid that aside, where I was concerned. But I will now be even with him and his colleague.—They may plume themselves now if they please upon their strict honour!

*Trim.* To be sure it was perfectly ridiculous in them to think of honour—But all the world must allow them abilities.—

*Nurse.* Confound their abilities, it is for these I hate them. I hate abilities, wherever I find them. They always make men proud and independent, the things in the world I most detest, in those who fill subordinate stations.

*Trim.* Well, Madam, I can venture to assure you, that my cousin *Pam*, with all his abilities, has not the least idea of dignity or independence. I shall be quite deceived if your ladyship does not find him to have a very mean, submissive and pliant mind, quite suited to your purposes. He certainly has ambition, but then it is altogether of that grovelling kind, which does not court power, but merely the semblance of it, with leave to boast of it; and for that supreme indulgence, I promise you, he will do every thing you wish: He will cringe to old *Surly*, and even (tho' that's extremely low) I will

will venture to say, he will stoop to take any orders from your waiting maid, Mrs *Jenky*.

*Nurse*. Upon my word, cousin *Stutter*, you give me a very high character of Mr. *Pam*, which I do assure you impresses me with the most favourable opinion of the young man. But it is now full time I should give you the messages to Mrs. *Bull*'s servants.

## C H A P. VI.

*Extraordinary consequences of an extraordinary conversation—Pam's plan is burnt by Mrs. Bull—Trim recommends murder—Mrs. Bull is saved by the preposterous vanity of Pam.*

THUS ended this very extraordinary conversation to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, *Trim* took leave, in order to go and deliver his messages to Mrs. *Bull*'s servants, and at the same time gave them to understand, what they were to expect for the service required of them. Some of them, however, fought shy upon the subject, and said, they had promised *Renard* to take particular care of his papers—Others who were sincerely attached to *Boreas* and

and *Renard*, said, no harm should come to the papers, if they could possibly prevent it. But far the greatest part of them being naturally of the most *accommodating* turn of *mind*, took *Trim* aside, and told him not to give himself any further trouble, for tho' they had promised *Renard* to take care of his plan, yet they had such respect for the *nurse's* opinion in all these matters—that he might rest assured, the plan should never more be seen in that apartment.

*Trim* was now perfectly overjoyed. He returned the following night—by the same dark path, to the nurse's apartment, carrying along with him his cousin *Pam*, who was now made steward, in the room of Mr. *Whigman*; and *Trim Stutter*, for his good services, was made one of *John's* secretaries, along with one *Tim Simper*, a poor cuckoldy kind of a fellow, who knew nothing whatever of business, but was placed there very mal-a-propos to fill a gap.

It might now be very properly said, that the *Nurse* was as happy as a king. She therefore no longer kept any terms with *Whigman*, or *Boreas*, or *Renard*, but was determined to send them all a-packing together.

Being



Being however ashamed of this dirty and deceitful business, she would not face the principal, but sent a message by *Trim*, desiring to have the keys of the *house, counting house, cellars, pantry*, and larder, &c. delivered up to her, which was immediately complied with by the parties.

Upon hearing of this extraordinary proceeding, *Boreas* and *Renard*, went immediately to Mrs *Bull*, to enquire the cause of it. She declared she knew nothing of the matter, and was as much surprised as they themselves had been: *Renard* complained to her loudly of this sort of treatment, and said, It was singular that people going about their business with all the attention imaginable, and doing every piece of drudgery, should be undermined by *secret influence*, and *back-stair visits*, and turned out of doors without a month's warning, or a month's wages, and all this without any reason assigned.

*Pam* now came by order of the *Nurse*, to pay his respects to Mrs *Bull*, and to inform her of his promotion. He was prodigiously elevated on the occasion, and was become very high and mighty, and extremely pompous.—He told Mrs *Bull*, that the reason of the dismissal of *John's* late servants, was their attempt to carry thro'

the *East country* business, in so absurd a manner, as to ruin the whole of the *poor clerks*, who had been engaged in that trade, by confiscating their property, and seizing their goods and warehouses, and depriving them not only of their chartered rights, but also of their possessions.—But that this was not all, for that *John Bull* himself, was extremely alarmed, considering this only as a prelude to deprive him of all his rights and franchises whatsoever—and also taking from the *Nurse*, the power and patronage which was her due, and which she had so long enjoyed in the family, with the universal approbation of all good men.—*Renard* who set by and heard all this harangue, was perfectly astonished at such amazing effrontery and misrepresentation, from so young a dog—and opening upon him with his usual ability and eloquence, he so belaboured, and bespattered, and bedeviled him, that *Mrs Bull* cried shame upon him, for a worthless young cur; she would have nothing to do with him.—But *Pam*, who was presumption and arrogance personified—told *Mrs Bull*, that he would prepare a plan for regulating the clerks and trade of the *East country*, infinitely superior to that of *Renard*; for it was to have all the effect, without any of the faults.—Accordingly  
he

he brought his plan to Mrs *Bull*, and having read it to her, both *Boreas* and *Renard* disapproved so much of it, that Mrs *Bull* ordered it to be thrown into the fire.—This however did not dismay our stripling—who was now in the secret, and knew he had only to brazen it out, till Mrs *Bull* was dispatched—Mrs *Bull* herself, knowing the *Nurse's* character, and her extreme vindictive disposition, felt some forebodings of her fate, and used to communicate her suspicions to *Renard*, and *Boreas*, and her other friends.—Nay she even charged *Pam* to his face, with having some evil intentions towards her.—But, like master, like man, they say, for *Pam* was now become a compleat master of dissimulation, and swore himself black in the face, that there was not the least intention to touch a hair of her head.

*Trim*, however insisted, both with the *Nurse* and with *Pam*, that now or never was the time for dispatching the good old lady, who he insisted would thwart them in all their views, and he declared his fingers were itching for her blood. But *Pam*, who was young and not yet innured to murder and assassination, begged of them to spare her life, and having a very high opinion of his own eloquence, he said, he would try what that could do, to bring her over to his



way of thinking. And truly it must be confessed, that for an innocent and immaculate young creature, yet *unbacknied* in the ways of men, nobody could set about this business with a better address, or with more forcible or persuasive arguments. But having now all the affairs of his stewardship upon his hands, it could not be supposed he could manage every thing by himself, and therefore he found it necessary to employ agents, to transact all those matters of bribery and corruption, which he found it absolutely necessary for him to carry on in order to gain over Mrs *Bull's* servants. And it must be allowed, he made a very good choice of men, who were every way qualified for that purpose.

## C H A P. VII.

*Pam's liberal and ingenious plan of bribery and corruption—Character of his principle Agents.*

**I**T is highly necessary for the better understanding this my authentic history, that I should here give a true and faithful character of those two singular agents who were appointed by young *Pam*, to the management of all that liberal and generous branch of business,

ness, which is vulgarly denominated bribery and corruption. This *Pam* determined, with his usual noble way of thinking, to carry on upon a far more extensive and solid plan, than had ever before been attempted, even in the golden times of old *Robin*.

The first of his runners in rank and in talents, was, his former master *Harry Mac-Bumbo*. Alias starvation *Harry*, alias *Harry Hurlythrumbo*, alias East country *Harry*, alias North country *Harry*—for he was a cunning rogue, and like other desperados, had taken various names, the better to disguise himself, and prevent detection. He had been heretofore in the service of *John Bull's* own sister *Peg*, where he had had the run of her kitchen; but finding that fare vastly too scanty for his eager appetite, and seeing nothing but starvation staring him in the face, he was determined to shift his ground, and look out for somewhat more lucrative. He hastened therefore to a scene of action, much more suitable to his talents, and entered into the service of *John Bull*, and was, by means of his wife, placed under the direction of *Boreas*, during his stewardship. *Mac-Bumbo*, who was a sly bustling fellow, soon recommended himself to *Boreas*, by assiduity, activity and zeal, and was

by him liberally rewarded for his trouble, inso-much, that *Harry* vowed attachment to his benefactor for life, an oath he always readily made on such occasions.

When *Malagrida* succeeded to the stewardship, he paid his court very successfully to him, who finding him useful and ready at all sorts of work, and that if well paid, he would turn his hand to any thing, be it ever so dirty, he continued him in the counting-house, and gave him a very snug birth. For which, as before, he swore an attachment for life, to *Malagrida*.

When *Malagrida* was dismissed by Mrs *Bull*, for his abominable compromise, as we have before related, *Mac-Bumbo* did not think he was likely to be taken much notice of in future, either by *Boreas* or *Renard*, seeing that they knew him, and knew exactly by what steerage he shaped his course. He therefore pitched upon young *Pam* for his future patron, to whom he once more sold himself for life, soul and body, as thinking *Pam* stood well with the *Nurse*, and trusting that this was far the surest and nearest road, to present pay and good quarters. *Mac-Bumbo* was a rare talkative fellow in his northern jargon, and discoursed with great apparent manliness, openness, and bold-



boldness, which was altogether to be attributed to manner, for at bottom, he was false and hollow. He certainly had considerable talents, but they were accompanied with great rashness, imprudence and precipitation. He was prodigal in his expences, and dissolute in his way of life, so that he was always in debt, and in difficulties—but as he could not live without his pleasures, he was glad to procure them at any price. Money therefore he must have, and it was his established maxim, “No pay no swiss.” It was no wonder then, if *Mac-Bumbo*, always devoted himself to the best bidder. *Pam*, tho’ yet *unback-nied in the ways of men*, plainly perceived that *Mac-Bumbo* was likely to be damned useful, where much dirty work was to be done.

Nor was *Pam* less successful in his choice of a second agent. A man, whom history, sensible of her own dignity, stoops with incredible reluctance to describe. The meanness of his mind could only be equalled by the lowness of his birth. His progenitor was a melter of tallow. He was reared in the service of a famous *ship-builder*, and never in any transaction in his life lost sight of a job. He was recommended to *Boreas* by his former master, but his gratitude to him for that service, never sat

heavy on his stomach. He improved his opportunities under *Boreas*, to great advantage. For he being steward in the time of the lawsuit, when great sums were annually expended, there was much money to be borrowed—great fees to be paid to counsel—great bills to attorneys, open table was kept for them, and this occasioned a vast expence in cooks, scullions, firing, and God knows what all.—Nothing of this immense detail escaped the jobbing vigilance of *Jack the Rat-catcher*, for that was his name and designation. He used to sweat every guinea that passed through his hands; and much good bread and butter, cheese and beer, did he make away with. Besides, it was shrewdly suspected, that he run *snips* with all the butchers, bakers, brewers, brokers, and contractors of the times, till he acquired a fortune, more than *Ministerial*.

*Renard*, when in office, wanted very much to have enquired into the state of this man's ill-gotten gains, but *Boreas*, from friendship, interfered and prevented it. As to *Jack* himself, he rose up before Mrs *Bull*, and her whole company, and swore upon the holy Evangelists, that he had only pocketed a very small sum, which he said he had scraped together by great penury

ry and attention. And this he did with, what the Irish call, a very pretty presence of mind, at the same time that almost every body present, knew he was living in the greatest splendor and profusion. Whether Mrs *Bull* really gave much credit to his assertions, I never could learn, but this I know, that few besides believed him. However, he was ably defended by *Boreas*, for whose veracity and disinterestedness, Mrs *Bull* had the highest respect. But *Jack*, like a compleat scoundrel, lived to turn tail on his Maker, and betray his liberal benefactor. He had however, found means to ingratiate himself much with the nurse, and had received from her some marks of her favour.

### C H A P. VIII.

*Mrs Bull proves refractory notwithstanding all the artifices of Mac - Bumbo, and Jack the Rat-catcher—An altercation takes place between her and the Nurse—A meeting of mutual friends is held at the Old Wrestlers—which breaks up re infecta—Alarm of Mrs Bull—Is comforted by Boreas and Renard—John reasons on the state of affairs—The boat trick is tried without effect.*

SUCH were the runners now in the service of *Pam*, and he employed them according



ing to their genius and talents. Finding Mrs. *Bull* strongly bent against his appointment to the Stewardship, as considering him a mere *School-boy*, inexperienced in business, book-keeping, and accounts, and without knowledge of mankind; he was however, determined, if possible, to win her over to his side, and so set *Mac Bumbo* and *Jack*, to work to corrupt all her servants, by foul or by fair means. Some they bribed, others they intimidated, and to some they promised little annuities for life, or posts, or ribbons, or stars, or white wands, and such like baubles, which were all to be furnished by the *Nurse*, who had a neat assortment of this kind of Gew-gaws. This, to manly minds, may appear a species of corruption that could but little avail; but it should be remembered, that they were not ill adapted to the maid-servants, and other low cattle, about Mrs *Bull's* family.

However, all this could not move Mrs *Bull*, who continued inflexible in spite of every argument that could be used with her servants, or that her servants could use with her.

At last it came to very severe heart-burnings between her and the *Nurse*, who complained grievously that Mrs. *Bull* was of a most incroaching disposition, for it has been her province,  
time

time out of mind, to appoint *John's* domesticks, and that now Mrs. *Bull* wanted most unwarrantably to arrogate the whole power to herself. Besides, says she, what fault can she find with the young man I have appointed, has she any crime to lay to his charge ? if she has, let her name it.

On the other hand, Mrs. *Bull* protested, that she did not wish to encroach on the *Nurse's* province of appointing the servants, on the contrary, it would be to her a very troublesome and a very invidious task ; but at the same time she was obliged to keep the purse and to lay out *John's* cash to the best advantage, and with the greatest management and œconomy ; she therefore thought it would be very hard indeed, if she had not at least a negative voice, and a power of representing her opinion about new servants, and of saying, such a person will never do, I cannot trust him—which is, says she, all I alledge with respect to *Pam*, who tho' I do not charge with any crime, yet, I must, and do insist upon it, that I cannot put confidence in him—in short he is too young and inexperienced, he is a mere school-boy, who can know nothing of men or of affairs.—Now tho' I cannot trust to this boy, surely I do not mean to name any body in his place, let the

*Nurse*

*Nurse* choose whom she pleases, and if I think he is really qualified for the management of *John's* affairs, I am sure I shall raise no objection whatever. But where there is many to choose from, I confess I should be very sorry to see a very bad choice made.

Such was the stile in which both parties talked of each other, and as it always happens on such occasions, the more they talked, the more they became irritated; at length Mrs *Bull* was advised by her friends to write a civil letter to the *Nurse*, to explain her sentiments at large. This she did in a very polite manner, but the *Nurse* (as her temper dictated) was as obstinate as a mule, and would not yield a jot. She however, thought it requisite to give a civil answer to Mrs. *Bull's* letter, which she did in the most shuffling and deceitful language.— Some mutual friends then interposed, and by various meetings at the Old Wrestlers, tried to accommodate matters between the parties, but this also failed of success, for they could get nothing out of the *Nurse*, but equivocal propositions couched in the most obscure terms.

It was then the good old lady Mrs *Bull* began seriously to apprehend danger to herself, and communicated her ideas thereon to *Boreas*  
and



and *Renard*—who both assured her, she had nothing to fear at present, because both the *Nurse* and *Pam*, knew that her life was of the greatest importance to her husband, and to the existence of the whole family.—For she must surely know that she had in her possession a sum of money, which could not be touched or disposed of, without her consent and approbation, which sum, was absolutely necessary to save *John* from immediate bankruptcy.

Besides, said they, you have another hold over the *Nurse* and *Pam*, which is the arrears due to the counsel and lawyers, and the settlement of their business, which it is well known they require annually, which with their other pressing demands, cannot be finally adjusted without your consent and approbation, and who in case of any delay or want of punctuality in their payment and such like, would bring both the *Nurse* and *John* himself over the coals in the twinkling of an eye—You may therefore depend upon it, nothing can be attempted against your life, while you wield these weapons in your own hand.

All this while, *John* who had heard of this miss, and who had not at first concerned himself much about it, thinking it only a foolish squabble

ble between two old women, began now to look upon it as a more serious matter than he was aware of, and felt rather uneasy about it. To be sure, quoth *John*, Mrs *Bull*, is my lawful wife, and as such is my representative in this family, and is entitled to the respect and attention of the best of them. But at the same time, I would not have the *Nurse* maltreated, or degraded neither. She's an old friend, and I must not see her wronged, but I know she's damned obstinate, when she takes any freak in her head. O as for that, one might as well try to move the great *Germanic* empire.—But continued he, I don't like this huge familiarity between my wife and *Boreas*, and still worse, her late gossipings with this same squire *Renard*.—Hang it, I am not naturally jealous neither, but yet there is a wonderful sort of a flirtation goes on in that quarter—poh, poh, it cannot be, my wife is too old, and too sedate to think of these pranks in her old days.—But damn it, who knows, she may still have a colt's tooth in her head, I did get such a hint from one of my best friends, and one who I am sure wishes me well.

Just as *John* was running over a variety of circumstances, pro and con, in his own mind,  
and

and trying which way the balance inclined, the scale of suspicion seeming rather to preponderate—His lucubrations were all at once interrupted by a flying report that there was a boat gone up to the stairs, at *Bullock's-hatch*, in order to take the *Nurse*, and all her luggage aboard, that she might go home to her own native country—*John's* uneasiness and apprehensions, were rather increased upon this, however he plucked up a spirit, and observed, That if she was tired of him and his family, she might go, he would keep the boy *George*, who he was very sure, would be glad to stay with him. This being faithfully reported to the *Nurse*, nettled the old woman not a little—And tho' she laid aside all thoughts of carrying the boat-trick any farther, lest it should be carried too far—yet there were other stratagems in store, and more artillery to be played off.



## C H A P. IX.

*Jemmy Mac-Ossian, is put at the head of a gang of Thieves—He propogates falsehoods as gross and palpable as the father that begat them.—Some curious anecdotes of his life, character and conversation.—Mrs Rumour informs John of his Wife's death.*

THE next trick to be tried, was to have a gang of lying, prating thieves, who were to disperse themselves in the coffee-houses, taverns and ale-houses, and wherever *John* was to be seen, and there to drum it eternally in his ears, as how *Renard* had been seen with *Mrs. Bull* at all hours of the night, and as how he had been over-heard proposing to her to break open the strong room, and make off with *John's* title-deeds, and as how she being too great with *Renard*, did not seem to object—and also as how they had sometimes with them, a long robe-man, who encouraged them in this plan, by telling them, *That title-deeds, and even Magna Farta itself, were nothing to signify, for that they were only pieces of parchment with seals dangling to the ends of them.*—All this curious fabrication of falsehood, misrepresentation and mis-

mischief, was put under the direction of one  
*Jemmy Mac Ossian*, a very cunning crafty loon  
 as ever sister *Peg* bred in her garret. His father  
 had been caught, tried and hanged, for mal-  
 practices, and maroding on the outskirts of *John's*  
 lands.—Young *Hopeful*, had been brought up a  
 scholar, and taught his bare bottomed compa-  
 triots, greek and latin, at 2s. Scotch, per Quar-  
 ter. Being however a stout lad, and pushing  
 his fortune, he made his way into *John's* kitchen;  
 where he fattened on *sippets* soaked in the drip-  
 ping pan, which he got from the maids for  
 writing songs and talking bawdy with them. At  
 last he felt a *strong itch* to translate his native  
*bare broad Erse*, into a good *English dress*;—he  
 came now to carry his head a little higher, and  
 got acquainted with some of the clerks of the  
 counting-house, particularly *Jack the Ratcatcher*,  
 who employed him to write briefs for the coun-  
 sel in the *West country* law-suit. At length, be-  
 ing always awake to his own interest, he got  
 himself foisted into an *East country* agency, by  
 which means he acquired great wealth, and was  
 one of those who dreaded nothing so much as  
 the regulation of those affairs by which an end  
 might be put to pilfering, speculation and per-  
 fidy.—In all of which he was too deeply inter-

ested and too successfully engaged.---This was the Captain of that band of infamous story-tellers, who were now employed by *Trim* and *Pam*, to spread the alarm to *John*, and so industrious were they, and so often did they repeat their fabrications, that a person less credulous than *John*, would have given some credit to them. But it was not *John's* character to be duped by halves, when he was gulled, he was most compleatly so; and on this occasion, *Mac-Ossian*, and his gang, were much an over-match for him. Upon hearing the same thing repeated over and over again in every place---without considering the probability of what was so boldly and so roundly asserted.---*John* exclaimed, By God, what every body says must be true. I did suspect, says he, that there was some damned villiany going on, and now the matter is come out as clear as day---Well, I do say it is impossible to know womankind, I thought I could have trusted my wife with my honour, with my purse, with every thing dear to me; and here I find that she and *Renard*, were laying their plan to cuckold me in my own house, and then to run off with my title-deeds.---Ah *John Bull*, *John Bull*, you have made a narrow escape: Lord, Lord! how deceitful is woman! ---Nobody looks half so composed or so decent,



so meek, or so motherly, as my wife—and yet at her time of life to go astray; well well, this shews what opportunity and importunity will do with womankind!

Just as *John* had pronounced this wise observation—He was accosted by old *Mother Rumour*, who kept the Coffee-house, and who civilly asked him, if his Worship had heard that *Mrs Bull* was dead—Dead, says *John*, what my wife—*Mrs Bull*, dead! Yes, replied *Mrs Rumour*, an't please your Worship, your wife *Mrs Bull*, is certainly as dead as *Harry the VIIIth*. Why you astonish me, says *John*, she was in perfect health last night, what did she die of? Nay, sir, as for the matter of that, said *Mrs Rumour*, to be sure there are various and sundry reports concerning this affair, some say she died of a *poplestic fit*; some say that the poor woman was beside herself, and that she *permitted a fellow of the sea* upon her own body.—Odds bodikins, quoth *John*, I am afraid it was a *fellow of the land*, that she *permitted* on her own body!—Be that as it may, I must go and enquire into this very singular and critical event.

## F I F T H      P A R T.

## CHAPTER I.

*A true narrative of Mrs Bull's tragical exit, with the unhappy fate of her favourite sister.—Some remarks on her daughter, and a sketch of her will.—A curious account of the Coroner, his inquest and verdict.*

**J**OHAN BULL, was not in that humour at present to be much grieved at the death of his wife, who as we have above related, he began to harbour a very so so opinion of. He therefore gave himself but little trouble to find out the cause of her sudden departure, and of her sister's misfortune, a catastrophe which did not seem to affect him more than it does the common run of fashionable husbands.

This however, is an event, of which we, as an authentic historian of the *res gestæ* of those times, cannot omit giving a most circumstantial account, as faithfully and as correctly as it has

been waisted to us on the great tide of contemporary writers.

The *Nurse*, *Trim*, and *Pam*, were now convinced from experience, that Mrs. *Bull* was far too honest, too disinterested, and too faithful to her husband, to allow herself to be detached from, what she thought, his real good. They therefore determined, without further deliberation, to bring her to an untimely end. But first it was found absolutely necessary to get her to settle the two points above mentioned.—For this purpose they chose to dissemble their hatred, and even went so far as to cajole the good woman, a piece of deceit and duplicity which cost none of them very dear.—A young friend of *Pam*'s, of whom Mrs. *Bull* was known to have a good opinion, was now charged with a message to her, when assurances passed of the *Nurse*'s great regard for her, and how far it was from her thoughts to have any bad intentions towards her, with a thousand such friendly expressions.—

It is very difficult to say what passes in any body's mind on most occasions. But as Mrs. *Bull* was a very sensible woman, with an uncommon share of penetration, we think it more than probable, that she was not altogether blinded



blinded by those professions.—However, they certainly made a great impression, but what, with, her made a much greater, was the very nice and critical state of *John's* credit, which must have suffered an irrecoverable shock, if *Mrs Bull* had not given her consent to the payment of those sums of money, which now lay at her disposal. And further, she dreaded extremely the consequences of not satisfying the counsel, and other law folks, lately employed in her long vexatious suit, for she well knew that this sort of people could not be put off, but upon the least demur, might bring an action of trespass, against *John*. These considerations, with the assurances given by *Pam*, and his friends, made her at length come to the fatal resolution of parting with her own security; and no sooner was that done, but measures were instantly concerted between the *Nurse*, *Trim*, and *Pam*, how and at what time the horrible deed should be perpetrated. All this being fixed, the *Nurse* sent word that she was coming to wait upon *Mrs Bull*, about business of consequence. She went accordingly, dressed out in great parade, and having talked over the business in the usual way—the *Nurse*, before she retired, whispered to *Surly*, who was near her, upon which he stepping forward and pulling forth a mortal instru-

ment

ment, at one blow put a period to the existence of the best of wives.—The bloody scene did not end here, for there was in the room at the time a younger and favourite sister of Mrs Bull's—Miss *Darling Privilege*, who seeing the fatal blow aimed, run to embrace and protect her sister. To her the murderers imagined *John* was extremely attached, and that she would do every thing in her power to prompt him to view this execrable transaction in its true colours, and to punish it with severity. For this reason it was, that the *Nurse* determined to get rid of her also. Besides she knew that this young lady had been very instrumental in instigating Mrs Bull, to resist her wishes. She therefore, impressed with the deepest resentment, and hoping at once to lay these formidable foes prostrate at her feet, drew from her breast, a Stiletto, with which, rushing eagerly upon the mild and blooming maid, she plunged the dreadful weapon into her lovely bosom. She fell upon the body of her expiring sister, where swooning away, she was thought to be dead by every person present—and such a report was universally propagated; however she was afterwards found with some signs of life, and being privately conveyed to the country, her friends began to entertain hopes that her weakness was occasioned only by

loss

loss of blood, and that with skill and care, she might yet be recovered from the dreadful effects of that stunning blow which she had received.

Thus fell the unfortunate Mrs *Bull*, one of the best of women, who had bestowed true pains to retrieve her husband's embarrassed affairs, and to restore them to their usual flourishing condition, to which, there is no doubt but she would have greatly contributed, had she not thus fallen a Martyr to the vindictive disposition and ruling passion of the *Nurse*.

Mrs *Bull*, left behind her, one daughter, named *Reformia* ; who, tho' not a beauty, was what may properly be called a bouncing girl ; she had several admirers, of whom we shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter.

Mrs *Bull* bequeathed to this young lady, all the savings she had made, in the regulating and settling of *John's* affairs. This patrimony was very differently spoken of, some calling it a very ample fortune, and others, perhaps with more justice, alledging that it was a very considerable sum.

Mrs *Bull*, together with her blessing, bequeathed to *John*, a case of choice cordials,  
which



which she alledged he would have great occasion for, when she was no more. What the particular virtues of these cordials were, we have never been able to learn.

The coroner's inquest was now come to sit on the body of the defunct. The coroner himself was a person of notorious infamy, and therefore extremely fit for the present purpose. —His name was *Lungs*, he was a *Mountebank*, and in his travels thro' foreign countries, he had acquired all the effrontery, and all the grimace and jesticulation of that pleasant profession—From professional habit, he was extremely addicted to speechifying on all occasions—and as his contortions and writhings, were ridiculous in the extreme—nobody, who saw him could refrain from laughter. But the derision and the contempt of the croud, made no impression upon his brazen countenance, or callous mind, which was dipt in gaul, and steeped in depravity to the very brim. There was no species of vice he was not capable of, so he could but guard himself against the annimadversion of the law. If a murderer was wanted, *Lungs* was the man to perpetrate such a crime, in the most hidden manner, and with the most subtle poisons. Was a perjured evidence, required, to bolster up a bad cause,

*Lungs,*

*Lungs* was the man, who for money, would go compleatly through with it, and stop at nothing. In short, his mind was formed for every thing base and mean, and for every thing detestable. This wretch, had already received his cue from *Pam*, to whom he was some how allied—and having packed his inquest, and called for evidence, properly instructed, they brought in their verdict, respecting *Mrs Bull*, *felo de se*; and taking it for granted her sister also was dead, they thought it proper to bring that in lunacy.—Improbable as these facts might appear to every judicious person, yet certain it is that *John Bull* either did give faith to them, or seemed so to do.

## C H A P. II.

*The Nurse is taken ill. Is cured by a glyster of Pam's prescribing—The severe duty of Mrs Jenky, the waiting maid—Critical observation of the historian.*

I Have already observed, that the impatience which had seized the *Nurse* to get rid of servants, who, were not altogether of her own choosing, but who had been strongly recommended

mended by the late Mrs *Bull*—and also that extreme disgust and rage, which she had felt, at the resistance made by Mrs *Bull*, to her appointment of *Pam*, had so preyed upon her constitution, that she was for sometime labouring under the dreadful effects of a lingering and bileous fever.—This increasing with the irritation of fresh events, had rendered her extremely costive and bound in the belly. Nor could she ever be prevailed upon during the servitude of Mr *Whigman*, or his friends, to take proper medicines for her complaints.

The late sudden changes, which she had so artfully contrived, and so outrageously accomplished, had occasioned a revulsion in her whole frame, and *Pam* seeing this, encouraged the change of habit, by a glyster made up after a quack receipt, of his father's.—This coming powerfully in aid of the natural revulsion above-mentioned, failed not to procure her most copious and fetid evacuations, which her physician very sagaciously foretold, must do her a great deal of service. Indeed such was the uncommon abundance of putrid and corrupted matter that flowed from this noxious source, that her apartment stunk most infamously in the noses of every one, who had any sense of smelling.

And



And to that degree was the stench of corrupted, corruptible and contagious fæces, over the whole house, that it was almost insufferable in Mrs *Bull's* apartments, as well as in the *Nurse's*, and absolutely pestilential, from top to bottom of the back stairs. *John* himself could not but be sensible of it, but at this time, the *Nurse* and the young quack, *Pam*, stood so very high in his good graces, that it passed for little more than a strong, and not unpleasant *baut-gout*, with poor *John*, who never was very remarkable for having a good nose, or for looking a great way before it, and who on this occasion did not foresee the very bad effects and infectious distemper, which such a nuisance, might one day create in the family.—But to return to the *Nurse*, who we left upon her close-stool—The heat of the matter thus evacuated, was so great, and in such abundance, that it caused a wonderful irritation, in the orrifice and circum-jacent parts. So that the physician, recommended the proper application of almond oil, and other emolients, to soften and cool the parts. These were administered with great tenderness, and admirable address, by the waiting maid, Mrs *Jenky*, who, tho' a tall awkward figure, stooped to this operation, with a vast deal of grace and dexterity.—But alas! all  
this

this would not do, the heat and irritation encreasing, the parts became extremely tender and delicate, and an inflammation ensuing, it was thought absolutely necessary that Mrs *Jenky* should lick with her tongue, the place affected, a task which she undertook, and bent her long back to perform, with a suppleness and pliability which excited admiration in every beholder. It was however alledged, that Mrs *Jenky*, tho' long accustomed to the dirtiest of work, did grudge her labour in conveying away this nauseous commodity, which it is said was by her handed privately to young *Pam*, who saw it slyly disposed of, in a nasty sink belonging to Mrs *Bull's* upper apartment.

We hope we shall be excused, this short digression from the thread of our history, in order to describe the nature of the *Nurse's* complaints, which we have been more particular in narrating, as trivial circumstances of this nature, often serve to illustrate the state of affairs in private families, better and more distinctly, than nobler or more splendid events.

## C H A P. III.

*John goes to pay the Nurse a visit, and congratulates her, upon the dismissal of his late servants—She talks to John about the death of Mrs Bull—Praises his present servants—Advises him to think of looking out for another Wife.—And proposes a match which she thinks would fit him to a hair.*

**J**OH N now thought, that seeing all exterior forms respecting his late Wife, were now fully satisfied, that he might go and wait on the Nurse in her own apartment. Accordingly away steps *John*, and having tapped gently at the door, was bid to walk in.—*John* made one of his best bows to the Nurse, and she on her part affected prodigious kindness and cordiality to *John*, and truly it was no wonder, for never had mortal so devoted himself and his interest so implicitly and compleatly to the will, and inclinations and passions of another, as *John Bull* had done on this occasion, to those of his Nurse.

*John* up and told his Nurse, as how he was come after his late loss, to congratulate the  
Nurse,



*Nurse*, upon the change of his late abominable servants, whose roguery and treachery were so well known, that it made it very unnecessary for him to say any thing more upon the subject, but only to return her his best thanks, for the maternal and tender care, she had taken of his nearest and dearest concerns.

On the other hand, the *Nurse*, who had a most thorough pace contempt for *Bull*, was however extremely happy at this visit, because it quite silenced all suspicions, and future enquiries and complaints—She therefore assured him that next to doing what she reckoned her duty, nothing gave her half so much pleasure, as to find that he approved of her conduct on this occasion, which she said was the only means left in her power, to save the family, the estate and title-deeds, which indeed had been in the utmost jeopardy, from that lawless vagabond crew, which the late Mrs *Bull* had recommended to him. Here *John* thought it would be but decent in him to clap his dirty handkerchief to his eyes, upon the pretext of wiping away the falling tear.—But the *Nurse* let him to know that she thought it very unbecoming in him, to lament the loss of any person, who could recommend and patronise such servants as his late ones, who could use her in so rude  
and

and so brutal a manner, by crossing her inclinations, in the very thing, which of all others she wished most,—the choice of good, and useful, and honest servants, for his family. “ You may observe,” continued the *Nurse*, “ what infinite pains I have taken on this occasion, to select for your business, the very ablest, and best of men. I have put young *Pam* at the head of them, because of his great *parts and experience in affairs*, his *vast knowledge of mankind*, and *the purity of his intentions*.

Very true, madam—very true; replied *John*, young *Pam*’s tender years, and *want of opportunity* to commit any enormous crimes, makes it most natural to imagine that he is very *spotless and unbacknied in the ways of men*, and as to his experience in affairs, and knowledge of mankind, I think, I see in this youth a sort of premature abilities that I am persuaded will answer my purpose vastly well, much better indeed than all the boasted acquirements of riper years—Besides, he seems to have a deal of steadiness and determination.—He won’t easily be put out, nor does he seem to want for a *very proper and becoming confidence* in his own talents.

You

"You are perfectly right, said the *Nurse*, I am very sure, Mr *Bull*, that both you and I shall be well satisfied with this young man, of whom I have conceived a very high opinion indeed.—As to your two secretaries, I have equal reason to be well pleased with them; I will indeed fairly confess to you, that they are not reckoned men of the most shining talents, but what of that, they are men who will do what they are ordered without hesitation, which I take to be the first rate quality in any servant. There are some awkward, untaught and unmannerly boobies, who will stand and consider, and pretend to think for themselves what is best to be done.—I will venture to say that the present ones are not of that kidney, for as they have no ideas of their own, they will be very ready to hear any that we shall suggest, they will adopt them with eagerness, and execute them with pleasure."

"Indeed, Madam, said *John*, every thing you say, is a new proof of your wisdom and penetration. I was foolish enough formerly to be a little jealous of your power and influence in my family, but I protest I now see my own stupidity, and in the mind I am now in, I think I shall leave the management of all my affairs to you in future; and having such an excellent

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woman



woman to take a charge of my domestic concerns, I am sure, I of all men, have least reason to regret the loss of my Wife, who by the bye, I have some reason to believe was no better than she should be. “Better, rejoined the Nurse, she was worse than it is possible for me to paint—a cross, peevish, cursed vixen—without common sense or common civility. I am sure she behaved to me in a most insolent, indecent, and disgraceful manner. I can never think of it without the blood boiling in my veins, and therefore I must avoid the subject, least I should bring on a fresh fit of my late complaint, which I seriously believe would have done for me, had it not been for the great skill of young Pam, and the greater care and kind offices of mother Jenky, good creature!”

“Well, said John, Madam, let us shift this disagreeable subject—we have now all before us, and thank God, you have at length found me a set of honest and upright men, who will serve me with honour and conscience.”

“Aye, said the Nurse, that I have Mr. Bull, so that you may rest perfectly easy, and seeing we are now upon these domestic subjects, let me recommend it to you, to have an eye to some girl of good family, for your future spouse, and  
not

Not connect yourself, and contaminate your blood with a vulgar, low-bred, pitiful, draggle-tailed dowdy, like your last Wife.—Your character as a tradesman, stands very high, and though to be sure your affairs are at present somewhat embarrassed, yet you are too young to lay aside thoughts of matrimony. Besides, let me tell you, without flattery, that mankind have a good opinion of you, as an honest, industrious good natured fellow, who have already made a good husband, to a very unworthy match; and who of course, will make a good husband to a girl of family, who might both bring you money and great connexions.”

*John* could not help smiling at this conversation; but brushing up a little at the compliments paid him by the *Nurse*, he modestly observed, “That sure no girl of good family and fortune, would think of having such an old-fashioned clumsy fellow as himself.”

“You are mistaken, said the *Nurse*, good husbands are not so easily come at now a days, but for God’s sake, let me advise you not to think of any future intermarriage with that flaunting, tawdry, trolloping, low-lived family of the *Privileges*—I am sure you have had e-

nough of them to sicken any man. — Now there is a very fine girl that I have often seen at chapel, who I think would suit you prodigiously well: a tall, genteel, majestic, elegant looking woman, who would do honour to any family; a woman of high birth and fashion; you will, no doubt, guess that I point at the charming *Miss Grace Prerogative*.” —

“ Odds bodikins, quoth *John*, (who, though no chicken, had yet a colt’s tooth in his head) *Miss Prerogative* is a charming woman sure enough—but would it not have a very strange appearance to the neighbours, for me to make up to a young lady, whose family I have always been quarrelling with, as a most incroaching, and dissatisfied set of people.”

“ That is the best reason in the world, replied the *Nurse*, for your making up to the daughter, for that will settle all differences, and heal old sores.”

“ By Gingo, I believe you are in the right, Madam, said *John*, I have a great mind to give her a call to-morrow morning, by way of reconnoitring the premises.”

“ Indeed,



" Indeed, said the *Nurse*, you are perfectly in the right, there is no time to lose, for so fine a woman, with such genteel connections, cannot be long in the market."

" Well, by the Lord, I'll have a brush at her, quoth *John*, so good b'ye to ye, Madam, good b'ye to you."

Away flung *John*, and left the *Nurse*, as may easily be supposed, in a rapture of joy, so that she could not help exclaiming, " By the living God, I don't believe there is upon earth, so good natured, or so stupid a mortal, as *John Bull*.—I think I have him snug, he is compleatly gulled, compleatly duped, and compleatly be-deviled!"

## C H A P. IV.

*John Bull is totally captivated, by the charms of the lovely and lofty, Miss Prerogative.—The marriage settlements.—John gives a grand entertainment.—The Nurse is of the party.—Pam makes the punch.—John gets half seas over, is extremely noisy, and exposes himself to his guests. The Nurse proposes a Fox-chase to John, who readily agrees—and proposes figuring on a drag-Horse.*

**J**OH<sup>N</sup> was not a man who relished any circumbendibus, in his mode of acting. He always moved straight forward to his point, without much manœuvering, an accomplishment which is now found so essential towards the forming great modern sea officers. Having been a Buck in his younger days, he on this occasion, clapped on a very smart suit of cloaths, a neat dressed perriwig, white silk stockings, and a most exorbitant large pair of buckles, as was the fashion in those times, and away he marched to squire *Prerogative's*. It is alledged however, that by the way, he felt some few compunctions, and qualms of conscience, as if he had been  
acting

acting inconsistently, with all the former tenor of his conduct. He felt also a little gleam of remorse, at connecting himself with a family, which had been at constant variance with his former Wife, and all her connections, and who had at times, used them in the most contumelious manner. "Damn me, says *John*, I wish after all, that this is not a rash piece of business, I am engaged in; I may perchance, get into a cursed scrape here, and yet she is a fine creature too, *this bere Miss Prerogative*—a most desirable piece of goods faith, with as tight a leg and foot, as ever a man laid a long side of—Well, e'gad it don't signify, I can't see why I should not please myself, as well as another, a Wife I must have, and when I am about it, why should not I indulge my present passion? I love the girl that is enough,"

Urit grata protervitas,

Et vultus nimium lubricus aspicit.

Thus *John* vindicated his passion, by a classical quotation, for he had been a scholar in his youth, and still retained the recollection of a few latin sentences, which he sported on proper occasions.

We are sorry to observe, that contemporary historians have left us totally in the dark; as to what passed between *John* and his *Mistress*, at this



this first interview. Perhaps indeed this may have been an effect of their great judgment and decorum, and they may have chosen to draw a veil over, what it might have been highly improper to disclose.—For to say truth, we have heard from undoubted authority—that the young lady in question, was as forward a Piece, as any in the parish, and very likely to allow *John* to take great liberties, even at opening the preliminaries.

Suffice it therefore to say, that *John* was completely enamoured, and very soon obtained the fair lady's good graces, as also the consent of parents.—After which, the settlements were the only remaining obstacle in the way to felicity. *John* therefore, with the *Nurse's* advice, and at her instance, appointed three persons of experienced ability, and distinguished integrity, to superintend this business.—These were *Mac-Bumbo*, *Mother Jenky*, and *Jack the Rat-catcher*.—With three such adepts, what business could prove difficult?—In short, they so smoothed, enforced, and softened things, that the whole affairs were settled, before you could say, *Jack Robinson*.

*John* and the *Nurse*, had now appointed the day for the celebration of the Nuptials.—And

*John*

*John* and *She*, had invited all the guests, who were vastly too numerous to mention.—And a deal of good wholesome eatables and drinkables there was, according to the fashion of *John*'s table, which never consisted of fricassees, and ragouts, and whipt syllabubs, like *Louis Baboon's*—but was a solid substantial, steady feed.—The punch was excellent and very *nappy*, it was of *Pam's* composition, who was accounted a *dab* at mixing the ingredients.—And *John* being in rare spirits, drank about pretty freely—At last he got very noisy, and very voiceferous on the occasion—and sitting near the *Nurse*, he filled her glass, till she herself, inspite of all her prudence and decorum, got a little *pogy*—She then proposed a hunting match to *John*, of which diversion she said, she was distractedly fond—Now, says she, there is a damned sly *Fox*, upon these grounds, which I have long been after, and I should have great pleasure to unkennel, and have a compleat course with him; and I warrant you, says she, snapping her fingers, one day or other I will have the damned rogue, hip and thigh. *John* protested he would be one of the party, and although, says he, I have long since parted with all my hunters—by George, I will mount my *Dray-Horse*, rather than not attend  
you

you on such precious sport. From this time, (and full of this noble idea,) *John* began to grow most damnably drunk, and insisted upon singing a hunting song, the chorus of which was certainly not the first rate-flight of poetical fancy, "Let us crush traitor *Fox*, tally ho, tally ho." This he roared so confounded loud, and so long, and so much like a man who was passed all power of sentiment, sense or reflection, that many of his guests, who were in their sober senses, were quite disgusted and scandalized at the ridiculous, absurd, and beastly manner, in which he exposed himself, not only to the company, but to all the neighbours, who were perfectly astonished at *John's* childishness and folly on this occasion, and holding up their hands, confessed, that they never had seen him make so wretched a figure, in all their lives. The sober and decent part of the company, now slipped off, by degrees, and left the *Nurse* and mother *Jenky*, to put *John* to bed.

Here the new married couple were, as we suppose, left in the dark, as we have also been by contemporary historians. Nothing having ever yet transpired respecting a consummation, which was so devoutly wished for, by the *Nurse* and all her associates.—All therefore that a  
faith-



faithful historian can do, is to supply the defects of certainty, by the most probable conjectures, supported by circumstances.

*John Bull* was undoubtedly drunk, and a drunken man, cannot be supposed to be the most agreeable bed-fellow, to a young woman of high blood, and warm imagination. Be this as it may—and altho' the young Bride appeared rather gloomy and disconcerted on the ensuing day; yet she had so many fine things given her by *John* and the *Nurse*, such dresses, such jewels, such laces and ribbons, and favours, and other fine things, that in short, she became wonderfully satisfied, and elevated with her new situation.

## C H A P. V.

*The custom that prevailed of choosing servants for John's Wife.—Renard puts up for that honour. Is eagerly opposed by the Nurse and young Pam, the East country clerks, old Padagra and Pelf, but is as warmly supported by most of his old friends, and many new acquired ones—Sister Peg and John's first cousin, Paddy Shillailly, both strive to serve him, and John himself feels a sincere love and regard for him.—His character, and that of his rival Pam.*

**I**T is highly necessary to acquaint my readers with a circumstance relating to *John's* family, which perhaps they may never before have heard of, and that is the singular custom of choosing servants for *Mrs Bull*. It is no doubt common in most private families for the lady to choose her own servants. But that was not the case in *John's*, where it had been customary from time immemorial, to leave the choice intirely to the family at large.

Among many who put up for the honor of serving *Mrs Bull*, *Renard* was one of the most conspicuous, and so he went about to solicit the

the vote of every one individual in the house. It will no doubt appear extremely singular to those who read this extraordinary history, that notwithstanding the ridiculous and extravagant fancy, *John* took of blaming of *Renard*, merely out of complaisance to the *Nurse* and young *Pam*, yet he could not help loving him sincerely. There was, to say truth, a great similarity in their characters, in many respects. For *Renard*, with the most uncommon talents, joined extreme good nature, an openness, a frankness, and sincerity which are extremely engaging.—He was ambitious it is true, but he was very disinterested and careless to a fault, about money. Every transaction with him, was above board, and he strove not even to conceal his own follies. He followed the dictates of his passions, and pursued his point, without any dissimulation or affectation.

On the other hand, his rival, *Pam* was artificial, from top to toe, every action, every jesture were the effects of deliberation and study—His talents were not contemptible, but they were brought into play before they were ripe; and those premature parts, partook so much of hardness and acerbity, that it seemed extremely doubtful, if ever they would mellow, so



as to become fit for any useful purpose—His great talent, and that indeed, in which he shewed a peculiar felicity, was his collecting, and keeping together a gang of the most consummate scoundrels, that ever infested any private family—knowing nothing of mankind, he was tempted to supply that deficiency, by cunning deceit and duplicity, which in the end cut him up by the roots—He was extremely vain, presumptuous, and self-sufficient. These created the most compleat arrogance, insolence, and petulance, so that he spared neither rank, age, abilities nor experience. These disgustful passions, naturally predominant in haughty minds, were much increased by the great notice, and sudden preferment procured him by the *Nurse*—This he attributed wholly to his own superiority, little thinking that the *Nurse* was as cunning and deceitful as himself, and that it was not his abilities that recommended him, but because she knew he was young, and was in great hopes he might be implicitly led in all his conduct by herself, and mother *Jenky*—This was the true cause of the preference, and most certain it is, that the more mean, the more pliable, the more humble and subservient, the more likely he was to become, and to continue a favorite with the *Nurse*, who valued

no talents but such as were useful to herself—who felt no attachments but to those who were devoted to her will, and who never had a friend, she would not sacrifice or betray, whenever he should differ in opinion from herself—or presume to act contrary to her inclination.

*Pam*, however, was really not known to *John*, who had taken him into his service, merely by the *Nurse's* recommendation, who spoke of him in the highest terms, and *John* when questioned by any of his friends about this ridiculous choice, and when they alledged to him, that it was absolutely impossible for a school-boy to manage his complicated affairs—used to to reply—"It signifies not a groat, I have a good opinion of the boy, and he has never yet done any harm, nor has he been guilty of any trick that I know of, and am persuaded he'll come to understand my business as well as the wisest of them, give him time—give him time, says *John*, he'll do, he'll do—I warrant him."

But notwithstanding this strange harum, scam conduct of *John's*—still he could not forget his old friendship for *Renard*—and therefore he wished to see him in his Wife's service, although he had approved of his dismissal from

from his own—accordingly he assisted him all he could, as did many belonging to sister *Peg's* family, and also to the family of *Paddy Shillailly*, *John's* first cousin. In short, they so bustled, and so laboured, and so canvassed, that they succeeded against all the intrigues of the *Nurse*, and *Pam*, and the *East country-clerks*, and the old *Counts*, *Padagra*, and *Pelf*—who had joined in order to oppose him—But the most curious part of the story is, that after *Renard* had carried his point—*Pam*, in order to ingratiate himself still more with the *Nurse*, denied the fact and swore manfully, that he was not chosen—as did also *Loyd*, the *Baker*, and several other perjured vagabonds, who as a cloak to their knavery, pretended great knowledge of old rules and orders—and others again assumed a mighty tenderness of conscience—which is the old stale pretext of the most consummate rogues and hypocrites.

Notwithstanding all which *Renard*, won the day, to the great distress, and vexation both of the *Nurse* and *Pam*—whose character suffered much by his glaring malicious, and rascally conduct in this affair. *John* himself who had been so compleatly blind-folded, began now to open his eyes to this obstinate and deceitful stripping,



ling, but he had been too much taken in by him, and had gone too far in his foolish admiration to retreat all of a sudden, and therefore he found himself under the necessity of still vindicating him from any bad intentions—but affairs soon occurred, which opened his eyes very compleatly, as we shall have occasion to relate more at large, in the sequel of this most useful history, which I verily believe to be the real mother of wisdom.

## CH A P. VI.

*Pam, and Strumbolo the Coal Merchant, make love to the late Mrs Bull's daughter Reformia— They are very coldly received.—*

I Have before related that the late excellent woman, Mrs *Bull*, left behind her one daughter, who was, to say truth, both a comely, and a bouncing wench, as one could set their eyes upon, and being now in the bloom of youth, she failed not to attract a numerous suite of admirers.—

I will not pretend to say, that these no more than other modern lovers, were all passionate, and disinterested adorers—Far from it, most

of them had heard of the great supposed fortune left by her mother's will—and besides they knew that of late years, she was become a mighty favorite with *John* himself, who had been often heard calling lustily for her to come and attend him as much as she could.—

This being the case, it was naturally enough for those who were desirous of ingratiating themselves with *John*, to make up to his young favourite, and amongst those who at present stood forward to recommend themselves most to Mr *Bull*, was the famous *Strumbolo*, the coal crimp, a person fully blacker in his mind, than in his profession.—He was one of those dull industrious plodding fellows who are eternally employed in investigating profoundly the merest trifles, and are never happy but when they are poking their heads into some nasty enquiry about other peoples affairs, and this always under the pretext of preventing *John* from being imposed upon——Sometimes he would be going about to see how all the shirts, sheets and stockings of the family were washed, and spying with his magnifying glass, to see if any stains were left, or if the laundress adhered strictly to her contract. At another time you might see *Strumbolo* busy in getting warrants to arrest some old and faithful servants of

*John*

*John's* who had passed their days, and risked their lives in his service—The tryal, and punishment of that sort of men for little petty offences, and oppressing them by the weight of his authority, was a supreme delight to *Strumbolo*, who had a mortal antipathy to that valour and intrepidity in others, which he knew he had not in himself---Like an old maid who repines to see the young and the gay, in possession of those enjoyments she can never taste, and whose envy and malice exerts itself to embitter their pleasures.---At another time you might see this arch-fiend with a great stick in his hand, knocking down, and otherwise abusing all the poor superannuated pensioners who were worn out in the service of *John*, and his family, “ You damned scoundrels, says *Strumbolo*, you coming here, and get your bellies filled, and carry home victuals for your families, and all forsooth upon the ridiculous pretext that you have served the family for sixty or seventy years, and are no longer fit for labour.—A fine reason truly, quoth *Strumbolo*, because I maintain a man twenty years, I must perforce maintain him twenty years more, whether I have any use for him or no.—I’ll allow no such abuses and impositions, go and get your living where you can— You pretend that at your time of life you are not able to work, why the devil then should we pay you for what you cannot do ?”



Then *Strumbolo* never saw a tradesman approach the house, but what he would have a squeeze at him.—“ You dog, you, says he, you overcharge your bills, I know you do: I could have the same business done for the one hundredth and fifty sixth part of a penny cheaper than what you have done; you are a very great impostor, and I’ll have you turned out of your employment for ever; you may go and starve, you and your family---But I suppose you have taken care of that, you have already feathered your nest, I have been informed by two or three of your neighbours, with whom you have quarrelled, that you have saved money, so that you must certainly be a very sad scoundrel indeed.”

Now all this time while *Strumbolo*, was thus grinding the face of the poor, he was pocketing a very handsome perquisite by his coal-trade, which from every mean, minute, and dirty detail, he was hoarding up, and accumulating to an amazing sum, so that the fellow who had really the mean mind of a coal crimp, was now become as rich, as a lord.—

Amongst others of *Strumbolo*’s good qualities, he was a strange wrangling fellow, and loved disputation and bustle and business, such as it was---From this love of business, he sometimes

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led *John* into needless expence, and if any of the family found fault with it, and he saw himself in any scrape, and that an action was brought against him, he had art enough to contrive to pack his jury, and to be chosen foreman himself, by which means it was easy to see that no harm could ever befall him.

This respectable personage was somehow or other allied to the *Nurse*, by the wrong side of the blankets---and it was by means of this connection that he had been let into his profitable perquisites—He was himself very vain of the connection—But she on the other hand, though she carried fair with him, yet did she hate him most cordially.

*Strumbolo* was exceedingly desirous of being well with *John*, a thing which was not very likely to be, for his character was one of those that *John* most detested and despised—But in order to get into his good graces, he now made love to *Reformia*, with all the assiduity, and vigour he was master of. *Strumbolo* was not however of that turn of temper or disposition that could make much impression upon a young handsome girl's heart—He was naturally serious rigid, and austere, and had nothing  
like

like mirth or good humour about him—It is true he could be extremely well bred—but he never exerted his politeness so much as when wanted to do an injury, to deceive, and betray, or when he was afraid of the resentment of the person he was treating with—A feeling which he was indeed very susceptible of, for nobody had greater apprehensions about his own personal safety than *Strumbolo*, who had been compelled on various occasions, to make very mean and humiliating submissions, rather than expose his person to a hearty drubbing, which he often had occasion to dread, but always had *an alacrity* to shun—Now whether *Reformia* had discovered this failing of *Strumbolo*'s, I will not pretend to say—Certain it is the fair sex are very fond of that virtue, which seems to be the distinguishing mark of a manly character, and as there were public proofs, of the infamous cowardice of *Strumbolo*, all his professions of profound admiration, and all his flattery had no effect—However the dog knew what importunity would do, and therefore he continued to lay hold of every occasion to tell the lady, that she was the most perfect beauty in the world, that every body admired her, that he for his part wished to see her in every public place, diffusing her benign influence universally  
over



over all ranks, and conditions of men, that there was grace in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture, dignity, and love.

*Pam* too, was a rival lover, but even less serious, and less sincere, perhaps, than the former. He was however no less desirous than *Strumbolo*, to make his court to *John Bull*, through the young favourite. He therefore made his addressees inform, and attacked the fair one with all the pomp of words, for not being a passionate admirer, he could better command his expressions—and used to pour forth her praise in words, of six-feet long---But alas, his reputation among the ladies, had not quite as many inches in length---Besides notwithstanding the pretended violence of his passion, he never went to her alone, but had always some friend along with him, as if he had been afraid of too private an interview---sometimes he carried along with him, *Jack the Rat-catcher*—sometimes *Mac-Bumbo*, and rather than go alone, he would even take mother *Jenky*, and what is very odd, while he was discoursing his mistress in the most lofty expressions of admiration, and *Eulogy*, he was all the while making damned faces apart to his friends, with now and then a sly wink, and nod, as much as to say, don't you believe

believe I am serious, this is a mere farce I am carrying on, only to secure *John's* good opinion--- But I know the *Nurse* hates *Reformia*, Mrs *Bull* considers her as a step daughter, and has no affection for her, and I myself would rather be crucified, than have any thing do with her.

It is shrewdly suspected, the young lady saw through all this grimace and hypocrisy of *Pam*, and conceived a great dislike to him, besides his character among the fair sex, did not *stand very high*, on the contrary, he was rather considered as a frigid friend to the sex, and one who was too great an admirer of himself, ever to make a warm lover, or a kind husband.—It was likewise currently reported, that at this time, *John Bull*, who was not remarkable for seeing farther into an unbored mill-stone than his neighbours, began however to perceive, that *Pam* was only toying with his daughter, merely for the sake of pleasing him; and that he was in fact like many others, only a cake and pudding wooer. However, such was *John's* prepossession at this time, or rather his dislike to appear, to have been compleatly taken in, by this pompous and petulant *Younker*, that rather than expose his weakness and folly, he chose to disguise or conceal his own growing disgust.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VII.

*A short account of John Bull's first Cousin, Paddy Skillaily.—His character.—His ill treatment by John, in his youth.—His good sense, and great care of his estate.—He takes advantage of John's long litigation, with his West-country tenantry, to get rid of those shackles, John had unjustly imposed upon him.*

**B**EFORE I proceed further, in the history of *John Bull*, it is necessary I should here inform my courteous reader, that *John* had a first cousin, by the mother's side, whose name was *Paddy Skillaily*. He, though somewhat younger than *John*, was educated at the same school with him; and together with very good talents, had something infinitely droll about him. He was a very faithful friend, and had on all occasions, showed himself much attached to his cousin, even in the worst of times. *John* who felt himself stronger than *Paddy*, had gained a vast ascendancy over him, and I must confess, did not altogether, use him with that liberality and generosity, which so strongly marked his character in his dealings with others. Not but that he would  
have



have defended him from the insults, or abuse of any other person, to the last drop of his blood. But on the other hand, he himself assumed the privilege of mal-treating, and greatly oppressing *Paddy*, and so buffeted, and crushed him, and knocked him about, that it was the opinion of every body, that he had in some measure, stunted the poor lad's growth, and had prevented him from applying with spirit, to his book, and to his profession, which was somewhat in the nature of *John's* own line, in the manufacturing branch.

Notwithstanding all this, however, *Paddy* turned out a fine promising lad. He was as brave as steel, and would rather have a quarrel upon his hands, than otherwise. He was a good scholar, and a very sensible man, but had a queer defect in his opticks, which often prevented him from seeing his object very correctly, or in its proper point of view.

The same inaccuracy was remarkable in his modes of expression, and *Paddy's* elocution was often so embarrassed, so perplexed, and blundering, that it frequently afforded much mirth and fun to his companions. But it was very necessary for them, to make it appear, that they were laughing with him, and not at him—  
otherwise

otherwise they must take the consequences.—

*Paddy's* sentences, like the oracles of *Delphi*, would generally admit of various interpretations: but it truly might be said of him, that if his utterance was bad, his meaning was good. He had a species of sarcastic wit, peculiar to himself, and his vein of humour, however pleasant, was seldom without its sting. He was by nature prone to be somewhat rude, boisterous and forward, nor were an over diffidence or bashfulness, ever ranked amongst the number of his foibles; but when he was sufficiently jostled and rubbed about in the world, which he certainly required, to take off his rust, and rough corners, no metal could take a brighter polish, and one might surely pronounce him to be, a clever, manly and generous fellow, as any you would wish to see.

*Paddy's* paternal estate, which was very considerable, lay just over against *Bullock's-batch*, on the other side of the river, and *John* and *He*, lived together, in terms of intimacy and good neighbourhood, keeping up a very pleasant and friendly intercourse, excepting when little differences happened, upon matters of self interest—And what relations, friends, or neighbours, do not frequently differ upon that subject? *John*, sensible of his own superior strength,  
and

and the ascendancy he had acquired at school, always took the upperhand, and would allow of no interference, in his branches of trade. If however *Paddy* was inferior to *John* in point of strength, or trade, or income, he made up for these deficiencies, by a very commendable virtue, which was a strict and rigid oeconomy. When *John* was engaged in any of his ridiculous lawsuits, *Paddy* did not grudge to lend him all the assistance he could. But he would never run himself in debt, or mortgage his estate, as *John* had done, so that he had a great advantage over him, in going to market with ready money ; by which means, he got every thing much cheaper, and people would work for him at lower wages, knowing their pay was sure, and no deduction to be made on account of law expences, or interest of money borrowed, or the like ; which was a very common custom with *John*, who used to squeeze his weavers and other manufactures, with stoppages in such a manner, that at the end of the week, they had not two thirds of their wages to receive, which greatly distressed them and their families.

The day was now come, when by means of these cursed expensive litigations, *John's* nose was most damnably in the dirt, for *Lewis Baboon*, *Lord Strut*, *Nic Frog*, and *Yankey*, were all upon him,



him, at the same time ; so that he was really fore beset, and his finances very low.

*Paddy* then bethought himself, that now or never was the time for a great exertion to set himself free, and to get entirely out of *John's* clutches.

This he executed in a bold and masterly manner, and told *John* fairly, that he would no longer be bound, and tied down, by rules and regulations of his making, but would make them for himself in future, and he now claimed many privileges, from which he had hitherto been debarred.

*John* at present felt himself fairly down, and therefore made a virtue of necessity, by yielding many points, which he thought might be useful to his Relation, without much injuring himself. These well judged concessions, were first managed by *Boreas*, and afterwards by *Renard*, with the advice and consent of the late Mrs. *Bull*, ever watchful for *John's* interest; and were the cause of great cordiality and mutual satisfaction to both parties.

## C H A P. VIII.

*A brief narrative of the state of sister Peg's health, and how she stood affected, on the present occasion.—Mac-Bumbo tampers with her Chaplain, who conducts himself with great good sense and dignity.*

**I**T is now full time I should give some little account, of the tender state of health, the occupations and sentiments of *John Bull's* own sister *Peg*, who for some years past had been subject, to the most grievous and oppressive fits of a lethargic disposition, which had often rendered her, in a manner senseless and stupid, and unfit for business. This shocking distemper, did not however prevent her from attending to her own domestic concerns, to which she was now become extremely attached.

Instead of law, divinity and literature, which had formerly engrossed all her attention, she had become very seriously engaged in the cultivation of her paternal estate, in building huts for weavers, in spinning and carding, bucking and bleaching, and such like.

*Peg*

*Peg*, notwithstanding, in her lucid intervals, was roused at times, when she heard that *John's* affairs were in danger, or distress—For she well knew, that at present whatever affected him, must very essentially affect herself. She was therefore, much concerned, when she was informed of the untimely death of the late *Mrs Bull*, and the unhappy fate of her sister *Darling Privilege*, who every body concluded, had perished along with her. Many ill-judged, and oppressive things were also done by *Pam*, to *Peg's* weavers, and other manufacturers, which helped, very much to disgust her. However *Mac-Bumbo*, who, as I have related, was formerly in *Peg's* service, did every thing in his power to flatter and coax her. And he likewise, from time to time, gave her some little paultry presents, which had always a great effect with her; who from habits of poverty, and oeconomy, was now become (if possible,) more selfish and interested than ever. Though she had certainly less occasion than formerly, having by attention and industry, filled her pockets pretty handsomely. But in this weakness, she was not singular, since every body knows, that it is the way of the world, for mankind to become more stingy, and avaricious, as they become more opulent.

Amongst



Amongst others who were in high favour with *Peg*, was her chaplain, a very honest, pious, and learned person, in whom *Peg* placed great confidence, and had, very justly, great regard and friendship for him. Indeed she had another reason for her attachment to him, besides those I have here mentioned. For it is well known, that *Peg*, was extravagantly fond of preaching, and praying, and singing of psalms, and all manner of spiritual songs, and in these, her chaplain indulged her completely, giving her from time to time, such dozes of them, as would have perfectly surfeited any moderate christian.

To him therefore, *Mac-Bumbo* paid great court, and wished very much to have had him send a letter of congratulation to the *Nurse*, on her having so successfully accomplished her plan, of dismissing *John's* late servants.—*Mac-Bumbo*, was perfectly aware, that the chaplain had always been very sincerely attached to the *Nurse*, and her family, and really wished her well; he did not therefore doubt, but he could have persuaded him, to have given his sanction, by approving of her conduct on this occasion. But he was infinitely mistaken, for the worthy, and pious man, rejected the proposal,

posal, with great disdain, and with much dignity and good sense, he absolutely refused to countenance a measure which he thought reflected so little honor upon the perpetrators of it.—

## C H A P. IX.

*Pam proposes settling all matters of trade, between John Bull, and Paddy Shillailly.—Pam is infected with the distemper in Paddy's opticks.—He opens his proposal to Paddy, and then to Mrs Bull.---John starts, and bounces.---Pam opines it.—His childish and ignorant method of conducting business.*

**P**AM was so much pleased with his impotent and ineffectual plan for settling the *East country business*—That he thought it would do him *equal honor* to carry through as great, and as wise a measure, for adjusting and finally arranging the affairs of *John Bull*, and *Paddy Shillailly*.—In contemplating this grand and glorious object, *Pam* was struck, all of a heap, with the giddy staggers in his head, which confounded his opticks to that degree, that one would have sworn he had been

completely infected by *Paddy*.—In short, he felt himself so perplexed, and so blunder-headed, that he was quite at a loss which end of the business he should begin with; or whether, it might not be better to begin in the middle—after due deliberation this last plan pleased him most—So he was determined, to open the business to *Paddy*, by informing him, that if he would be pleased to accept of all *John's* weaver's, looms and manufactures whatsoever, that he was sure, in the present disposition in which *John* and his Wife were, he would be answerable, he should get them persuaded to assign over to him and his heirs for ever, the whole of those advantages, and that without any fee or reward, excepting only that he meant to ask for *John*, by way of reciprocity, the surplus of a fund, which had hitherto proved, and always would prove deficient, until *Paddy* should totally destroy and annihilate *John's* manufactures and commerce, at which time, he observed, that from his wonderful penetration and sagacity, he could foresee, that this deficient fund, would prove a productive one. This proposition was so much beyond what *Paddy* had either wished or expected, that his ears began to crow like chanticleer, and he really doubted, whether the young manager was not laying some snare for him,



him, and that he meant to take him in, for at this time every body began to suspect his sincerity; however, having viewed it on all sides, he could see no bad consequence from receiving a great deal, for which he was to pay nothing but the surplus of a deficiency, which *Paddy* concluded could not be very ruinous to him, as it would not probably take *much of his ready money* out of his pocket.

He therefore determined to accept, and told *Mr Pam* so. *Pam* who had thus begun in the middle, was now determined to take matters by the right end, and so he goes next to *Mrs Bull*, with whom he still continued to be a wonderful favourite, for she knew he and his runners had had a great hand in making the match for her.—He up and told *Mrs Bull*, in the presence of a large company, what he had done, and of the proposals he had made to *Paddy*, and how ready and obliging he had been in accepting, what was so much to his advantage;—and he did not at all doubt but that *John Bull* would approve of his plan, as it was much better to give his trade, his looms, and every thing to *Paddy*, rather than live in ill humour with so near a Relation. He then told *Mrs Bull*, in his usual way, and with a modesty peculiar to himself,

self, (for he had borrowed a little of what *Paddy* had to spare) that his plan was one of the best that ever had been thought of by any human Creature. *Boreas*, he said, and *Renard*, and the late *Mrs Bull*, had perfectly botched this business, for they had agreed to give away all that he intended to give, but they were to get nothing in return ; whereas he had secured a very useful reciprocity, by engaging *Paddy* to pay *John* the surplus of a deficient fund, which *Paddy* had very readily agreed to, knowing that such a sum could not possibly hurt him, and that in matters of such magnitude, a sum like that, was neither here nor there, nor *any where at all at all*.

*Pam* was so enchanted with his own superior wisdom in transacting this melancholly piece of business, that in short, there was no end to the praise and panegyric he bestowed on himself, and the reproaches he threw out upon his predecessors.—And as for *Mrs Bull*, she was so charmed with the sound of his voice, that to her, it was of no consequence whether he spoke sense or nonsense ; or whether *she heard him or no*, she made it a rule always to agree with him : and I verily believe, that if *Pam* had dared to propose to have incarcerated her husband, or  
even

even to have castrated him, she would readily have assented, by declaring she had so much confidence in *Pam*, that she was sure that these or any other thing which he should propose, would be for *her own* and her husband's advantage.

*John Bull* having been made acquainted with all this, began now, (as well he might) to be most seriously alarmed. He had for some time been opening his eyes towards the conduct and character of *Mr Pam*, and this compleated the business.—He therefore began to growl, and bounce and swear, like the devil.—The weavers and manufacturers particularly, had reason to complain, seeing they were to be done for, compleatly.—They therefore waited on *Mr Pam*, and remonstrated bitterly.—*Pam*, with his usual art and duplicity, gave them all fair words, assuring them, that he would take the most tender care of their interest. This assurance, however, *Renard*, with that shrewdness which was natural to him, soon discovered to be a mere trick and deception, in order to keep them quiet, till all was irrevocably fixed.—When this discovery was made, these poor people, who now perceived they had been compleatly duped



by this little cunning stripling, began forthwith to solicit *Mrs Bull*, and all their friends in her family—representing in the strongest terms, their distress, and the danger and ruin to which they, their wives, and children, would be exposed.—In vain did *Boreas* and *Renard*, and many other sincere friends of *John Bull*, and his family, interpose with his wife, to mitigate the rigour of this ill concerted plan. *Pam* was obstinate, and of course, *Mrs Bull*, who was a mere creature of *Pam*'s, remained inflexible, in spite of every thing that could be said upon the subject. In short, still mindful of his paternal profession, (for nature will out,) *Pam* now flattered himself, he had found a nostrum and infallible specific for curing all heart burnings between *Paddy* and *John*.—Even *Sir Samuel Hannay*'s famous specific, is not more powerful or more effectual in preventing evils, than was *Pam*'s, in his own opinion, who was determined to risk every thing precious on this desperate experiment—the Constitution, Vitals, Body and Soul itself, were all to be sacrificed to this boyish rage for prescription and quackery.

And here it must be observed, that when *Pam* was hard driven on any subject, by the superior abilities

abilities of *Boreas* and *Renard*—there were two subjects to which he always had recourse, to rouse the prejudices of *John* and his *Wife*, and under which he run for shelter, as a small frigate will do, under the guns of a fortress, when chased by a ship of superior force. These favourite themes were the *West Country* litigation, conducted by *Boreas*, and the plan for regulating the *East Country* business, proposed by *Renard*.---On which occasions there was a regular repetition of the stale story of encroaching upon the power and patronage of the *Nurse*, of annihilating the old balance and regulations so long established in the family—of purloining all *John Bull's* charters, and of confiscating the property of the *poor East Country Clerks*, and all that endless Gibberish, which had neither sense nor argument.---After an exordium of this kind, *Pam* next proceeded to praise his own amazing abilities and incorruptible integrity; and from thence took occasion to attack with infinite insolence, arrogance, malice and spleen, every person who should happen to differ from himself on any subject;---and at the same time that he turned every thing they said into perfect ridicule, and sneered at, and reprobated  
what-

whatever they proposed—yet was he very attentive all the while to catch up their ideas to mend his plan, and would eke and patch up his crude abortions, by degrees, so that in the end, they began to have something of form and feature, and if not beautiful or correct, they became at least less deformed, and capable of being seen without abhorrence or detestation, and in this shape they were imposed upon the world as his own progeny.

And so it fared with his present plan for settling all affairs with *Paddy*.—As for the *Nurse*, these were matters in which it was pretended she had no sway.—It was, however, very well known that she was privately consulted by *Pam*, and it was as well understood that she gave him her directions, through mother *Jenky*, and that he obeyed them as implicitly as he was obeyed by *Mrs Bull*.—In this business, no body precisely knew the sentiments of the *Nurse*, as she was at pains to conceal them, but as she had a great hatred and contempt for *John*, and that *Pam* continued obstinate, her opinion on the subject is scarcely to be doubted.

The singularity of the situation into which this extraordinary personage had now brought herself,



herself, is well worth the observation of the curious, not only of the present, but of all future ages.—All her jerks, her writhings, windings and turnings, in order to command, had in fact, wrought a very different effect from what she wished or expected. It is true she enjoyed the supreme gratification of a little present revenge, and the sovereign satisfaction of apparent power, but to those who look into and examine affairs more intimately, it will plainly appear to what a dilemma, and into what trammels, the *Nurse* had precipitated herself, by her own egregious absurdity and folly.—With better management, she might have preserved equal sway, by working one set of servants against the other, and still have maintained her own power; but by totally discharging the ablest, the most responsible, and those who were best supported by the old established and wealthy yeomanry, on *John's* lands, she was creating an endless fund of powerful and irresistible opposition to her plans. Besides, she was now compleatly at the mercy of all those proud and petulant spirits, who then commanded in the counting house.

She had thus left herself without alternative, and was exposed to the caprice of the daring  
and

and stern *Surly*, to the vanity and petulance of the supercilious and pompous *Pam*; to the insolence and obstinacy of the vexatious and malignant *Strumbolo*.—So that her sole consolation was her having in the rest of the servants, a set of eminent *Ninnies*, wholly at her command, because unable.

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*Cetera defunt.*

7 AP 66

